FREE IN NEW YORK

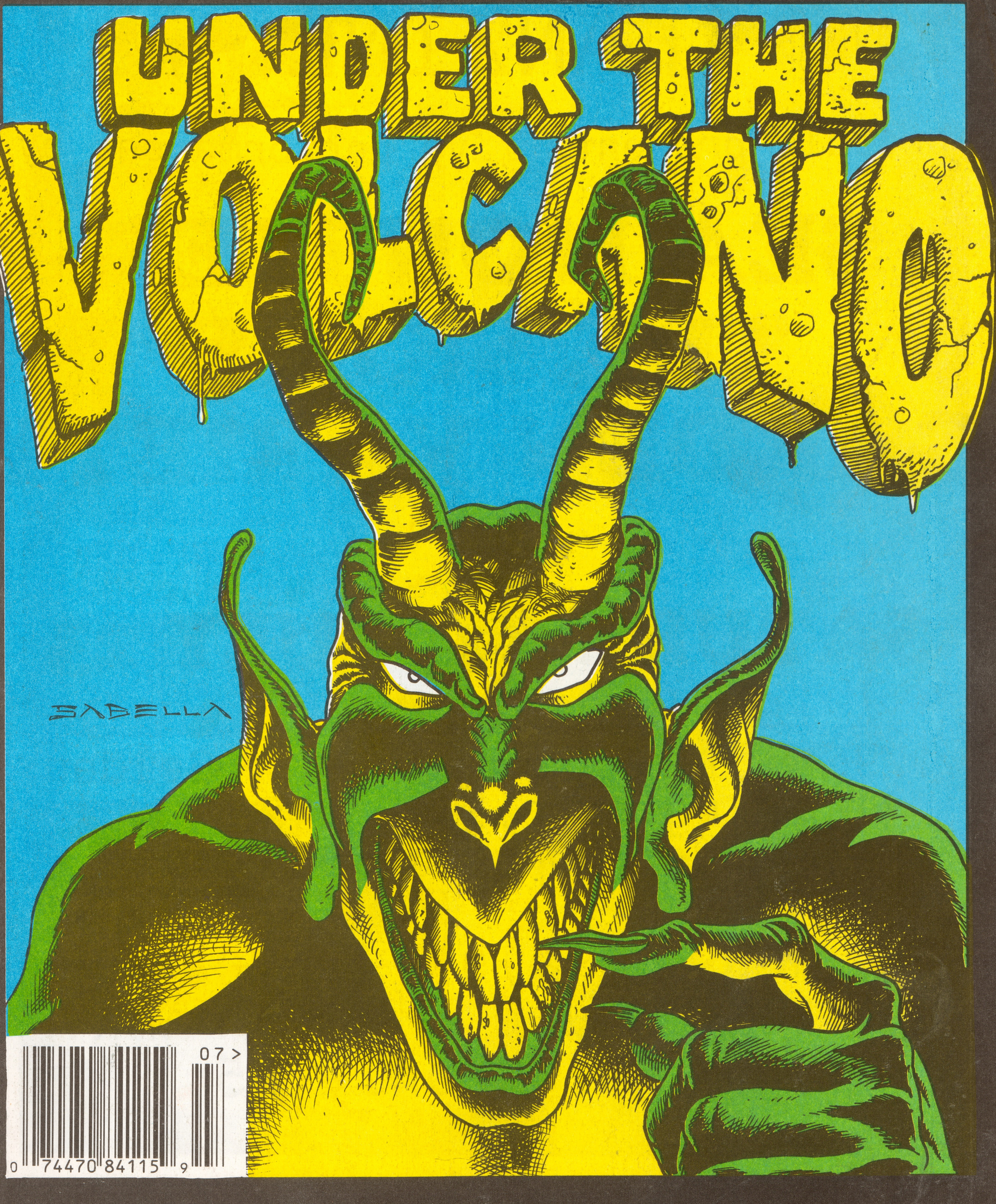
$2 U.S./$2.95 Canada

Steve Albini · Garden Variety Tour Diary · GWAR

#20

Offspring · Selfless Records · Sunbrain

UNDER THE VOLCANO



07 >

0 74470 84115 9

UNDER THE VOLCANO
FANZINE

proudly presents live performances by

SEA MONSTER
THE SKELS
GARDEN VARIETY

SATURDAY, JULY 23

at Barnaby's II,
1795 Middle Country Rd., Selden
Booking Info: 516/348-7718
Doors Open at 9PM

Drink Specials • Giveaways
18 to Enter, 21 to Drink!
Admission only $5

UNDER THE VOLCANO

P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767
516/265-8227

Bastard in Charge
Richard Black

Bastards at Large

Donny the Punk
Mike Bazini
Chickenhead
Brent Clark
Chris Donohue
Jen E.
Greg Groovy
David Grad
Mike Hymson
Joe Kowalski
Phil Lerman
Little Artie
Lenny Lampel
Brian Lindgren
Elizabeth Mesa
John Morrow
Paddy O'Furniture
Jim Peri
Alex St. Dredd
Steve Sabella
Spag
Sport
Anthony Roman
Ruben

Sales Representative
Ed Skinner

Front Cover
"Lucifer's Toothpick" by Steve Sabella

Stunt Driver
Glenn Lutzker

AD INFORMATION

DEADLINE FOR #21: JULY 20, 1994.
ISSUE #21 OUT: AUGUST 10, 1994.

SIZES	(Wide x High)	INDIES	MAJORS
Back Cover	7½" x 10"	$245.00	$350.00
Full Page	7½" x 10"	$175.00	$250.00
½ Page	7½" x 5"	$105.00	$150.00
¼ Page	3¾" x 5"	$60.00	$ 90.00

REQUIREMENTS AND DISCOUNTS:

1. Make all checks payable to Under the Volcano, Inc.
2. 10% off regular rates for labels if payment sent with ad.
3. Purchase orders are required for labels desiring credit.
4. 20% off indie rates for unsigned bands when payment accompanies ad.
5. Make ads the right size!
6. Use black ink on all art.
7. All photos should be submitted as 85-line screen veloxes; no transparent film or negatives.
8. Don't wait 'til the last minute!

Press run is a minimum of 7,000 copies.
Call Rich at 516/265-8227 if you have further questions.

Subscriptions: Single copies are $2, $10 for 6 bimonthly issues. Back issues are available on request for $2 each, cash only.

UNDER THE VOLCANO IS AVAILABLE TO STORES NATIONALLY THROUGH THESE DISTRIBUTORS:

DESERT MOON 1-800/547-0182
IPD 1-800/999-1170
DUTCH EAST 212/675-0922
FINE PRINT 1-800/874-7982
TCI 612/645-0227

The opinions expressed herein are not necessarily the opinions of the editor. *Under the Volcano* is not responsible for unsolicited material, and does not guarantee that everything will be reviewed. To save all parties time and money on the drudgery of follow-up calls (and us having to call you back), this is Rich's standard response: ll think it's someplace in this huge pile. If it gets in, it gets in.k If you have any questions as to whether your music is appropriate for this rag, it's probably not. Have a wonderful day, spread the love.

From the Editor

Rich Black

Aaaaaah...It was early morning, and my so-called consciousness had just risen through the depths of slumber and now bobbed lazily, still reluctant to be wrenched from the comfort of a dream...Meg Ryan loved me...She was here, wasn't she, less than six inches away? For three seconds I was warmed by her radiance...Sure, if I were Billy Crystal's character I would have dumped her during that restaurant scene in When Harry Met Sally because she was such a pain in the ass when ordering her food (I'll bet the waiter spit in it), and I would have been annoyed with the way she had to open the mailbox after mailing each letter to make sure she got it in...but this wasn't Sally, this was Meg Ryan, the actress who played Sally, next to me, baby blues and all. Actually, she kinda reminds me of a younger Meredith Baxter-Birney (who I heard just showed her breasts for a TV movie -- of course I missed it. Michael J. Fox musta been blushing), especially when those dimples when she smiles...For three seconds that morning Meg Ryan was next to me, all encompassing, warm....nice. Yeah, of course it was a dream, and in my dream I hadn't even slept with her; not that I would have even tried, even in a dream. Dennis Quaid, I apologize for my confusion during that waking moment. I hope the two of you are very happy. But for a few seconds, life was beautiful..

By the way, if I were Harry, I would have realized Sally and I weren't to be lifemates during that restaurant scene in When Harry Met Sally. There's this thing I recently referred to as "The Power of Vagina" while speaking to Laura Norden from Last Call Publicity. I think guys tend to put up with a lot of garbage from women in hopes they get to (or continue to) sleep with 'em. In that restaurant scene particularly, Harry allowed The Power of Vagina to overrule his common sense. I myself have been guilty of this in the past as well, and have become a better person for the awareness.

Anyway, this was going to lead into what a bunch of morons the general public is while they're shopping, and especially how easy it is to spot a male being influenced by The Power of Vagina (symptoms include a wavering will, eyes fixed on a distant point, and slowed reflexes). I suppose there is some equivalent power men have in our society, but I haven't found it yet. Yes, I formulate theories like this because I work with the public at night, under the guise of my of it being my "straight job". My "straight job" is this thing where people drive in and order milk, butter, and eggs, and I take their money while I hand them their packages. I see a lot of couples shopping where the male is beholden to The Power of Vagina.

Now I don't mind working where I do; it seems that the company has finally started to get a grasp on correct pricing policies, so I don't have to be embarrassed telling customers how much things cost. There have been some personnel changes recently. I think that some of the new people in management may even know who Maslow was. This company is where I met Spag over four years ago, actually. Anyway, whenever you buy something from any person at a counter, things will go smoother if you apply some common sense. Be polite. Be aware that there are other patrons who as spending as much money as you behind you, and that serving customers, though priority, is probably only half of what the clerk's job entails (unless the clerk is a cashier at a large supermarket). Don't waste other people's time.

For the most part, my co-workers and patrons of my present store are pretty nice; they're more polite here than in most of the neighborhoods where I've worked (most annoying: Plainview), so I attempt to be especially cordial. I am better at my job than most people. I am not particularly friendly, but fast and polite. I understand, however, that Walter Finn was actually friendly. I didn't know Walter. He worked at a convenience store, owned by the same company I work for, in Deer Park. On April 20th, 1994, it is alleged a group of kids entered his store with guns. Walter was so cordial, he told them "Take whatever you want" with his hands in the air. In response, one piece of shit fired a round into Walter's chest killing him, while a second piece of shit shot at Walter's co-worker. I mean, if you need thirty bucks that badly, you might as well mow your neighbor's lawn. At this point, suspects in this and a rash of similarly moronic violent robberies have been detained.

This issue is dedicated to Walter Finn, because it could have been me.

Thanx, may you get what you want....

Table of Contents

Columns 4
Interview: Steve Albini 6
Tour Diary: Garden Variety 10
Interview: GWAR 12
Interview: Offspring 14
Profile: Selfless Records 16
Profile: Sunbrain 18
Punk Report: Janyooery, du yeer 2008 20
Paranoid: Long Island Hardcore 22
Roachclip: The Temperate Rain Forest and Alcohol 26
"But Someone's Gotta Do It": Adult Video Rentals 28
Performances 30
Audio Reviews 32
Classifieds 46

Columns

Slag Party U.S.A.

Joe Kowalski

So we just sit around and babble about why society treats us so badly. I mean, we are supposed to be the first generation of people who are so unfortunate as to not be as prosperous and successful as our parents were. BULLSHIT me some more. True, the cost of living has drastically risen since 1969, but I'm almost certain that a good percentage of people who read *UTV* weren't even BORN by 1969, so let's get the facts straight here.

So you Gen-Xers think you have it hard? When I was a kid, my dad used to work incredibly hard just so my family could barely make it in a middle class neighborhood. Regardless, he was the one who planted the seed within my mind to become the best person that I could possibly be, being that he was placed in an orphanage at the age of 7, only to emerge at the age of 18 to become a member of the Polish army during WWII where he was captured by Nazi troops and placed in a P.O.W. camp. Somehow, he was able to escape from the hands of the enemy, and was lucky enough to be kept under the wing of a sympathetic farmer, who did his best to hide my father's identity from the would-be destructors of the human race as we know it today, when all of the sudden, the shit hit the fan.

Some stormtroops invaded the farm one day looking for some kicks, and they decided to take it out on the daughter of the farmer who so kindly hid my father from the ultimate enemy. Being disgusted by their behavior, my dad beat the shit out of the first dirtbag whose intention was to rape this scared innocent young girl, only to be taken in by the rest of his cronies and thrown into a concentration camp, like a lamb waiting to be slaughtered by some voraciously infected glutton. Yeah, and comparably, life these days is soft – and you think Kurt Cobain was a fuckin' martyr.

I could never tell you how but he survived through this terrible ordeal, unlike many of the unfortunate people who were picked on and exterminated because of their religion, race, sexual orientation, or political affiliation. I wish I could've been the one to point and empty the loaded barrel that Adolph Hitler pointed at his own cowardly skull.

Anyway, my father was lucky enough to have a chance to migrate to America, where without the capability to speak English he still managed to find a job and save enough money to travel back to the country that was taken away from him, but only after he became an American citizen. It was in Poland where he met my mom, hence the conception of one Joe Kowalski.

Sure, we weren't the Kennedys, but my dad made enough money to keep us comfortable during the '60s and early '70s. He didn't have his mother or father as a guideline to gauge how far he would get in life, yet his intestinal fortitude and a will to survive helped him reach the goals and dreams that at one time he would've never thought possible. I don't have too many heroes, but if I could pick one above all it would be my father, because despite all the people who kept trying to knock him down, he just got back up and kept on fighting.

If I may seem a bit off track here, please don't take this as some sort of self-indulgent exercise. From certain standpoints, times have gotten tougher and people have become more desperate to achieve certain material goals in order to give themselves a false sense of power and security, and I wouldn't be surprised if it was because of some sort of neglect that they had experienced within their lives. Since we as individuals are all unique in one way or another, interpretations of what we see in the world can be as clear in the water in the Bahamas, or as distorted as John Wayne Gacy's collection of dead young boys hidden underneath his crawlspace. The choice between life and death is up to you, and if you choose to die by your own hand, then don't expect me or anyone else to grieve. So, a message to all you Generation Xers: Go ahead, feel sorry for yourselves, blame it on society, make life miserable for others, stick that fuckin' needle in your arm. As for me, I'm here to live my life to the fullest, and if anyone plans on stopping me then they'd best be prepared for the fight of their sorry stinkin' life.

This one's for you, dad. ■

Six Feet UnderGround

Jim Peri

It makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Hello and welcome back to six feet under. I hope my ranting last issue has convinced many of you to reassess your lives as a whole and send me lots of money – if not, oh well, I don't want your damn money anyway!

In other news, not much has been going on in independent film or outlaw comics lately. It's pretty damn pathetic if you ask me. I got a copy of the uncut **True Romance** a few days ago... it was better than the theatrically released version, but still didn't grab me by the balls and give me a cake-batter craving like **Reservoir Dogs** did. John Woo hasn't done anything since **Hard Target**, which wasn't worth the gas money to the theater, let alone the ticket price. I picked up a relatively old Woo flick called **Once A Thief** a few weeks ago and couldn't even sit through it. Stick to **Killer**, **Bullet In the Head**, and **A Better Tomorrow** if you need that Hong Kong ultraviolence fix.

Fear not, my cow-tipping friends. I am not without a few flicks up my sleeve. If you can get your hands on a gem called **Trust**, do so with great zeal. Not as slick and pretty as the corporate produced drek, but a lot of nice things going on in it. Also, **Kika** – the new one by the Spanish guy who did **Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down**, **Matador**, and a bunch of other primo film reels – opens this week in Manhattan (this week as in when I'm writing this, not when you're reading this – go see it before it leaves theaters, punk!). It has also come to my attention that there are a few of you out there who haven't seen **Taxi Driver** yet. You should be ashamed of yourselves. Go get it NOW!

"What about comics, Jim?" Fuck you, alright? This is a dry season for comics... not much worth wasting your cash on, especially when it comes to the outlaws. David Quinn's **Nightvision** limited series just ended a few weeks ago (any slackers out there should pick it up before they all sell out, it fuckin' rocks), **Faust** is coming out annually now, and... that's pretty much it, man. All the other outlaws have been pretty disappointing lately. Let's not go the razors just yet, though. Outlaws aren't the only good comics...

The undergrounds have been putting out some good stuff these past few weeks. Most notably, the collected **Milk and Cheese** was released by Slave Labor Graphics a few weeks ago. This is probably the greatest book I've read all year. Funny as fuck and lots of senseless violence perpetrated by a psychotic carton of milk and a sociopathic wedge of cheese. I can only imagine the creator Evan Dorkin is a truly disturbed man... a pre-requisite to having your work included here in **Six Feet UnderGround**. The second issue of Paul Tobin's **Attitude Lad** hit the shelves about a month ago. I haven't seen this issue yet, but the first one had me laughing like white trash at a lynching. Other good underground books to blow wads of cash on are **Hate** and **Eightball** (most people tend to like them more than I do – find out for yourself).

Besides the undergrounds, there are actually two corporate-produced works worth mentioning here. It took me several years to actually pick up a copy of DC/Vertigo's **Sandman**, as I avoid pretentious Time Warner shit like the plague. This book is phenomenal. Don't buy it... don't steal it (you only rip off the merchant, not the publisher)... but borrow your friend's copy and read it. Also, Marvel's recent limited series **Marvels** is the best thing they've done in years. Breathtaking, ultra-realistic painted interiors and a touching, personal look at the Marvel universe makes this another great book. Borrow it.

That's it folks. See ya in 60. And thanx to everyone who stopped by St. Mark's Comics to say hello... I'm taking the summer off – but I'll be back in fall. Don't buy anything 'til then! ■

LIFE ON A SANDBAR

Anthony Roman

Everybody seems to be quite concerned (of late) with the selling out, or alleged selling out, of punk rock. However, I don't see what all the uproar is about. One look at the charts will clearly prove this theory wrong. The Top 40 is still virtually dominated by as much mindless pop as it ever was. Actually, all that's different now is that a whole lot of punk bands are being signed by major labels, and not surprisingly, most of them are bombing. The majority of major label debuts are running out of steam much faster than an indie release ever would. Has Jawbox made any more than they have on Dischord? Rocket From the Crypt had a big buzz going for two weeks, and then that fizzled out. Better examples are The Melvins and The Fluid, two northwesterner bands whose debuts went almost unnoticed to the point where I didn't even realize they had come out. What's going on here?

Basically, it seems that people are being a bit paranoid. None of us want to lose "punk" to the mainstream; we all got into this music because of how much we despised mainstream culture. Still, just because you see Seaweed on MTV's *120 Minutes* at 1:30 in the morning or in some big glossy ad doesn't mean that everyone in middle America is running around humming their tunes. In fact, the only bands that I have seen "make it" (whatever that means) have little or nothing to do with the kind of music that I feel any kinship to. Pearl Jam, Stone Temple Pilots, Lemonheads, Smashing Pumpkins (I could go on and on) are merely watered down versions of true alternative music, and have been deceivingly packaged and marketed as the real McCoy. I'm sorry, but there's nothing radical or different about the Lemonheads. All they are is another cute pop band for the MTV generation to swoon over. There was a time when they wrote great songs – if you don't believe me, check out any of their Taang! releases – but now they differ from lame bands like Toad the Wet Sprocket in uniform only. The problem seems to be that nerdy A&R types are so desperate for the next big thing that they'll sign anyone, and most bands can't meet major label expectations.

A few years ago someone told me "Everyone's out there looking for the next Guns N' Roses, but what they don't realize is that they're not going to sound like them [Guns N' Roses]." He was right. The next Guns N' Roses turned out to be Nirvana. What's going on now is similar to the post GNR frenzy that got bands like Dirty Looks and Tora Tora signed. Do you remember those bands? I didn't think so. Now, consider this: a good sized indie sells about ten to twenty thousand albums. A major label expects a band to sell at least a hundred thousand albums to keep them happy. That's a big jump, and unfortunately, or (fortunately for us), most of our favorite bands can't make it.

If you look at Jawbox, Hüsker Dü, Firehose, etc. are "alternative" in nature, and it's their innate inaccessibility that prevents them from ever fully catching on. Perhaps the only way they could would be if they drastically changed their sound. There is also a possibility that market tastes could move more towards them, but that's something that takes time and most big labels don't have time to wait. It's a known fact that the majors give their two month push, and that's it. Things like this make me think that more bands should emulate the likes of Fugazi, Jawbreaker, Superchunk, and The Jesus Lizard, who live off their music with their initial ideals intact. Contrary to popular belief, those groups don't belong in the mainstream; let's save the room for bands like Alice In Chains. If you really think that punk has become part of popular culture, then you're probably confusing fashion with music. We should know the real thing from a fraud. Look, if Born Against hits Dial MTV maybe then I'll start to worry, but for now there's a hell of a lot more going on in this wicked world of ours that we should be concerned with. ■

RANCID

RANCID

LET'S GO

.LET'S GO

23 songs

Cd, Cassette, LP

on EPitaph 86434.

EPITAPH

6201 Sunset Blvd. ste 111 Hollywood, ca 90028

6·01 reseda, CA
6·02 riverside, CA
6·03 Las vegas, NV
6·04 tempe, AZ
6·05 tucson, AZ
6·06 el Paso, TX
6·08 lubbock, TX
6·09 fort worth, Tx
6·10 austin, Tx
6·11 Houston, TX
6·13 pensacola, FL
6·14 St. petersburg, FL
6·15 agusta, GA
6·16 colombia, SC
6·17 wilmington, NC
6·18 chapel hill, NC
6·19 hampton, VA
6·21 Graceland
6·22 little rock, AR
6·23 fayetteville, AR
6·24 springfield, MO
6·25 kansas city, MO
6·26 omaha, NE
6·27 sioux Falls, SD
6·28 rapid city, SD
6·29 billings, MT
7·01 denver, CO
7·02 salt lake city, UT

STEVE ALBINI

by David

Photo by Elisabeth Mesa

If you have never heard of Steve Albini you are either very young or very lame, and I guess one can't be held for either condition. Suffice it to say that Mr. Albini is responsible for much of the music you listen to today. As a recording engineer his talents can be heard on albums by the likes of Jesus Lizard, Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, P.J. Harvey and yes, Nirvana. (His involvement with that late lamented crew resulted in a lot of major media ink being spilled a year ago when they decided to remix portions of the **In Utero** album. Since Albini is the punk rock studio engineer of record, many considered Nirvana's decision to reek of a sellout to their corporate masters at Geffen).

Albini's founding of Big Black in 1981 was a milestone in the development of underground music, giving a whole new dimension to the concept of angst as an element in rock. Powered by a drum machine, the staccato of dissonant guitars and his raging vocals, Big Black boldly ripped opened the heart of a screaming psychotic world. Albini took on the persona of child molesters, deadly racists, and self-immolating adolescents in his songs with enough realism to convince the obtuse that he was espousing positions he was trying to expose. After Big Black, he continued to push at the dissonant envelope, releasing albums into the late eighties with Rapeman. Now he has returned with Shellac, in which his turbulent scree remains unchastened. Late last year, this band released two EPs (**The Rude Gesture: A Pictorial History** and **Uranus** are available from Touch and Go by mail order) and lately has begun to tour. Albini maintains the independent traditions of the underground in all his work and is constantly trying to expose the dangers posed to a healthy and creative music scene by the corporate rock monster. –David

Under the Volcano: First, the most obvious question is your fame and reputation are relatively intact these days with Big Black and Rapeman and a whole host of production credits. Why go out and start a new band?

Steve Albini: Because that's what I want to do more than anything else in the whole world, be in a rock and roll band. Being a recording engineer has its merits as a job, it's more challenging than any of the straight jobs I've had, but it *is* a job. It is not a particularly creative position, there is some creativity involved, but it is principally a technical job and I get a sometime obscene pleasure out of doing difficult technical tasks, so I enjoy the job but it doesn't satisfy the creative impulse. It's an utterly selfish thing to be in a rock band. Some people do it because it has become their profession, that's not the case with me. I do it because it's the thing I enjoy more than anything else in the world.

UTV: I can't think of anyone who is more incisive when it comes to music history. You have a profoundly good understanding of the way rock and roll works, and the way the creative process works. When I heard you had started Shellac the question immediately rose in my mind, with Big Black and somewhat less so with Rapeman, you had this almost perfect body of work, and people with perfect bodies of work inevitably...

Steve Albini: Soil them. That's why when I was in Big Black, we made the point of stopping where we did. With Rapeman it wasn't a conscious decision, but we ended before we embarrassed ourselves. I assure you that I have no intention of outliving my usefulness as a musician. As said, it is an absolutely selfish indulgence. At this point, I want to be in a rock band, so I am. I do it for my satisfaction and other people in the band do it for their satisfaction. If other people want to pay attention to it and appreciate it, so much the better, it's always nice to have what you do be appreciated by people that you respect, but it is absolutely **not** our intention to be a popular and successful rock band.

UTV: And you have made a point of that in your non-publicity moves. You don't send out promo copies of your records, and don't have a guest list at your shows. Why?

Steve Albini: The reason being that all those things are secondary. Promoting the band, trying to make the band popular and successful, all of that stuff is unto itself completely a separate game from being in a rock band. Being in a rock band implies that you are writing songs and making music with people you admire and respect. Everything else that is associated with the game of being in the rock music business has nothing to do with music. Kissing people's asses, trying to get them to do favors for you, trying to drag people to go see your band, trying to hoodwink an audience into buying your records even if they don't really appreciate them, all that stuff is bullshit as far as we're concerned. From our perspective, if we are a good band and do things the right way, eventually we will attract a legitimate audience that respect and admire us for reasons that are not trivial. If we try to trick people into liking us by whatever means, by whipping up publicity or indulging in certain careerist moves, then ultimately I think that would make the band mean less to the people who will come and see it. I think it means far more to have a hundred people find out about your band through their own experience and appreciate it, than having tens of thousands of people pretend to like your band because you happen to be popular at the moment.

UTV: Locating Shellac within rock, where do you see it fitting?

Steve Albini: Shellac is a three piece minimalist rock band, and there have been many antecedents to that. In that format, bands that I feel a particular kinship to are: The Minutemen, The Wipers, The Urinals. Rock bands that were not mainstream bands, yet did not handily fall into any of the other prescribed categories that existed.

UTV: One thing I've noticed is that your lyrics have changed from the Big Black days. They are a little more obscure.

Steve Albini: Bear in mind that I've had five years of sitting on my ass thinking about things, and in that time ideas that might have been more blatant initially tend to become more convoluted. A simple idea stated simply can be incredibly moving, but if left to our own devices people will embellish things, and my method of embellishment is not to add more, but to take a narrative farther into development before letting anybody in on it. In the song itself there may only be a sentence or two actual lyrics and no one listening to it is going to grasp it. In the band we know what we are talking about, and it's more important for us not to bore ourselves than it is to spell everything out for an audience.

UTV: You have previously stated that Damn Yankees and The Butthole Surfers have the same soul. How is Shellac different?

Steve Albini: There is an audience that exists for The Butthole Surfers as long as they do what is expected of them. In the same respect there is an audience which exists for Damn Yankees as long as they do what is expected of them, and that audience can be exploited, but it is certainly not being enriched. What we do is not product for a pre-existing audience. What we do is satisfy ourselves, and then when we are completely satisfied, we make records available to the public. It's not that we need the public's existence to continue. The band was quite happy for the first two years of its existence without ever having played a show. We do this because we want to and occasionally let other people in on it, but they are not the reason we are there.

UTV: About the band: I know that bass player Bob Weston was in Volcano Suns. What about drummer Todd Trainer?

Steve Albini: He is still a member of a band in Minneapolis called Rifle Sport, who have been around for over ten years with a dramatically lower profile than any other band in Minneapolis. He was also a drummer in a band called Breaking Circus for a few years, and he does his own records under the name Brick Layer Cake.

UTV: How did you get into playing instruments?

Steve Albini: Just some goofy friends of mine in high school wanted to start a band and I suggested that we make it a punk rock band, and that seemed like a pretty good idea since none of us could play. One of the band members *could* actually play, but he didn't last very long and so we ended up being a punk rock band by default. I realized that intellectually and aesthetically I appreciated more what the punk rock bands were doing more than what all the mainstream bands were doing and saying.

UTV: And what was it that they were saying that was particularly valuable to you?

Steve Albini: There was an appreciation for the absurd that you didn't get in the mainstream music. Not a conscious appreciation or a campy adulation of the absurd, but taking seriously things that other people might dismiss as trivial, but that were not at their core trivial or vain but had elements that made them hard for normal people to grab onto. I'm thinking of the way punk rock bands would play on very cheap equipment in rough circumstances and still throw themselves into it, whereas conventional musicians want to play on nice equipment, in nice surroundings with a proper audience and be pampered. When it comes right down to it, that sort of stuff is really an indulgence and the band doesn't really need to be taken care of in the same way a fragile plant does. A band should be able to take care of itself pretty much.

UTV: I see you're saying pretty consistently that one is not in a band to get rich and famous.

Steve Albini: If you are in a band to get rich and famous you are a fool.

UTV: Last year you wrote an article (appearing in the Chicago based journal *The Baffler*) called "The Problem with Music" in which you lay out in dollars and cents how major labels exploit young bands. You claim in the article that a band that signs to a major and sells a quarter of a million copies will end up with approximately $4,000 per band member.

Steve Albini: Well that's pretty optimistic, because I didn't include any promotional expenses. The contract sample in *The Baffler* was deliberately selected to avoid criticism. The promotional expenses can vary dramatically from record to record and label to label, and what is considered promotional expense can vary dramatically from record to record and label to label. So, in all likelihood, a band that was in that position would end up with nothing or in a position of debt. I know of a band, friends of mine, who sold half a million records and were never paid a penny. The band Extreme sold several million records and were never paid a penny. Those re the bands which ar categorically successes, not bands which are marginal, and they can't get a fucking dime out of anybody because the music industry is so adamant about keeping its money within the music industry, as opposed to disseminating it to bands.

UTV: Your essential advice to anyone in a band right now is what?

Steve Albini: If you are not doing it because it's the most important thing in your life, give up. If you think that there is a possibility that your band will be popular, successful, and famous, and that is one of the reasons you stay in the band, give up. If you think that being in a band was what you were born to do and you love doing it more than anything else and you will gladly work a day job for the rest of your natural life to support it, then you're doing it for the right reasons.

UTV: How do you look back at all the controversy concerning the recording of Nirvana's *In Utero*?

Steve Albini: I don't deal with the people in the mainstream music industry. I have very little contact with them, so their opinion of me doesn't really mean anything. I really do not care. People in the mainstream music industry wanted somebody to yell at about how that record was made because the band did it on their own. They set everything up on their own, they used their own money, they paid me. There was never any involvement from the record company during the making of the record. And rather than let that go and let there be a message that went out to other rock bands that they could take control of their own careers, people in the mainstream music industry found somebody to take shots at, I was one of the people. It doesn't really mean anything to me.

UTV: If I remember correctly, originally you had an agreement with Nirvana that they would not change the way the record was recorded.

Steve Albini: The reason I did that was to protect them, and they will tell you exactly the same thing. I put that in my agreement with them, an agreement which nobody signed by the way. It was a statement of principle. I put that in my agreement with them so that if it came down to it, if the record company put heat on them and said, "We want you to change things" they could honestly say to the record company, "We can't change anything. We agreed with Steve that we wouldn't." As it turns out, they decided they wanted to remix stuff on their own. I felt I had given it my best shot and I felt I couldn't contribute anything, so I said, "Do whatever you want." Ultimately the record which is in the stores now is the record that Nirvana want to be there. No one made them change anything. I want to say that categorically, because no one ever prints it. No one outside of the band made Nirvana change anything on their last album. The record company did not make them change anything. They as a band decided they wanted to change the sound of their record after they recorded it and they did. The way they did it was exactly precisely the way they intended to do it. I am not personally flattered by the way the record ended up sounding, but that is none of my business. At the time they decided to make the changes, it was their record. They could do anything they wanted to it.

UTV: Maybe you would like to expand on your role as a sound engineer and your disrespect for your concept of your so-called producer.

Steve Albini: A producer was originally somebody whom was employed by a record company to manufacture hit records ut of an available pool of talent and music. That role ceased to be a function of producers a long time ago, and now producers are merely a name associated with the sound quality of a record, with the possible exception of the dance music and soul music venue, where they are still producers that operate in the manner of the old hit making teams in the fifties and sixties. Record producers are among the most offensive personalities that you can imagine. They are paid an incredible sum of money out of the pockets of the bands they supposedly work for, to do almost nothing. People who call themselves producers today are just phone jockeys, they are wheelers and dealers. They can talk a mile a minute, but if you ut them in a studio with a microphone and a tape machine, nine out of ten of them could not make a record.

UTV: One of the most interesting things you have commented on in the last couple of years is this whole false concept of "alternative rock."

Steve Albini: Right now, "alternative" is used as a marketing term. It does not define an aesthetic within which the bands work. It doesn't distinguish a band from the mainstream music industry. "Alternative" is just used as an adjective to describe certain bands stylistically. They are all mainstream bands generally that are described using this term; they are not underground bands. These are bands that are of the mainstream, or aspiring to be in the mainstream, but the term "alternative" is used because it has come to represent a certain stylistic criteria, those being a certain sloppiness in delivery, some level of aggression or thorniness of subject matter and a sort of vague disaffected stance.

UTV: Do you think that indie rock exists anymore?

Steve Albini: Absolutely. It depends on what you mean by independent. What I mean by independent is bands that exist for their own ends, and through their own means, and record labels that do everything for themselves. Like Touch and Go, which is the longest surviving and most successful record label that there has ever been. Touch and Go still does its own manufacturing, all of its own distribution, all of its promotion, handles its own payroll, pays its own bands -- in which it is singular in the whole world. The bands on the label get treated better and paid more and get more done for them than any of their friends on major labels.

UTV: Do you see bands such as Sonic Youth perpetuating the image of the major label as friendly big brother?

Steve Albini: I think Sonic Youth are so comfortable working within that framework now. Especially given the exploitive sidelines they occasionally delve into, record producing and A&R skimming, I think it would be unfair to all those bands in the underground to class them as an underground band. They are a mainstream band -- they just happen to play music that has stylistic similarities to some of the underground bands.

UTV: Have you seen the MCI commercial which uses the Stooges song "1969"?

Steve Albini: Wow, that is indicative of how much of the mainstream has changed. The mainstream *stylistically* now will encompass anything. However, style is not content.

UTV: What is your take on music journalists?

Steve Albini: People who write about music are not journalists, they are entertainment writers. They write entertaining articles that happen to be about music. They are not journalists, there are no journalistic principles brought to bear. There is no reporting, there is very little fact checking, there is no finding the truth and telling it. It is basically calling someone on the phone asking him what he wants to tell the world about himself, then paraphrasing it. Occasionally you ask some questions to spur the discussion, but you are not performing a journalistic function. You don't have to find the truth, there is somebody at the other end of the phone telling you want you want to know. Music writing can be good publicity or bad publicity, but it is basically publicity on this level.

UTV: What about fanzines?

Steve Albini: Fanzines are becoming very conscious of their place in the music scene. Take *Conflict* or *Slash* or *Forced Exposure*, that stuff was absolutely unblanching in its attack on mediocrity, in its offensive behavior. That's what fanzines were all about, it was people venting their spleens, people going off. Now, fanzines are a much milder form of communication, fanzine editors see themselves as part of the mainstream.

UTV: What about the so called "alternative" Chicago scene, bands like Smashing Pumpkins, Liz Phair, and Urge Overkill?

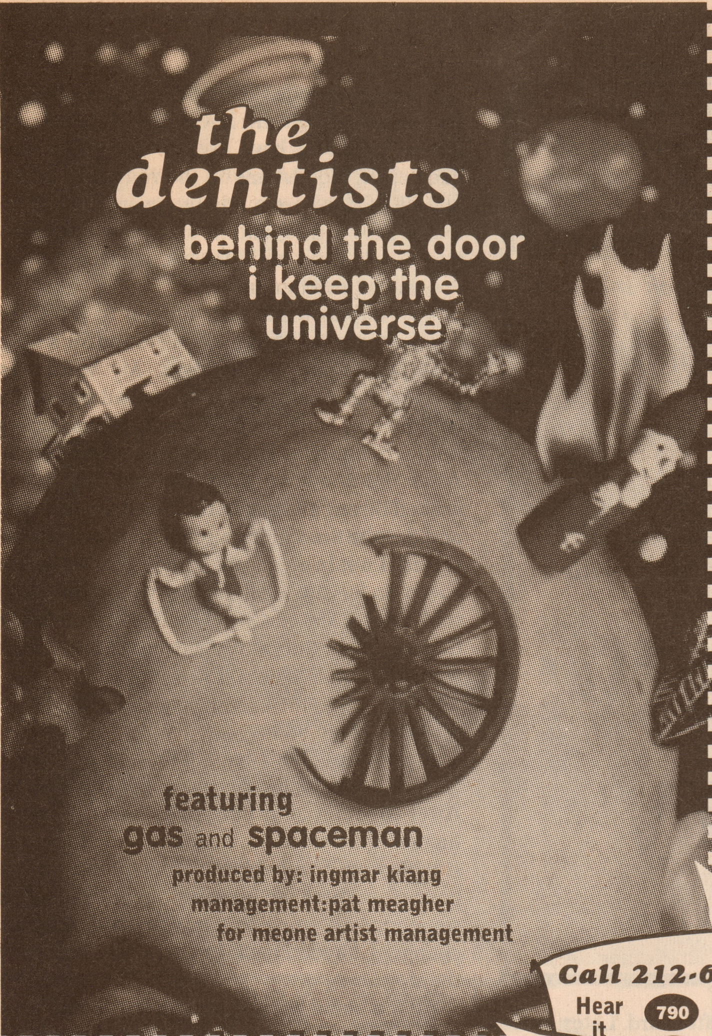
Steve Albini: Smashing Pumpkins have been an industry creation from the very beginning. One of the first things they did was get a manager and a lawyer and begin to form a network of influence through out the music industry in Chicago. They are not part of the music scene, part of the community of bands and musicians, they are people who are working within the industry. It has no difference that they happen to have a mailing address in Chicago, they are mainstream slugs. That they happen to be from Chicago is in no way indicative of what's happening in Chicago musically. The same with Liz Phair. Liz Phair is a rich suburban girl who made a name for herself having an incredibly aggressive publicity campaign come to bear on her. She was written about and her record was reviewed in national magazines up to six months before it had ever been released. That has nothing to do with a viable scene in Chicago, but the machinations of the music industry.

UTV: You have been very outspoken about Urge Overkill...

Steve Albini: Because they suck. I freely admit that my hatred for Urge Overkill stems from the fact that we used to be great friends. I don't know about you, but I recognize as familiar the notion that you feel hatred more intensely when people who used to be great friends of yours turn into pieces of shit. Someone who started out as a phony you never expect anything from, so you can't feel any disappointment when someone like Al Jourgensen changes from being a Depeche Mode clone to being a Motorhead clone. There is no surprise there. It is obvious that these people had no footing in reality to begin with. When people you thought were of a kindred spirit and rooted in realism start behaving like freaks it's not just a surprise, it's a disappointment. The state they are now in is repulsive.

UTV: Where are you going from here?

Steve Albini: Shellac of North America as a policy does not create goals for itself. We exist and we are comfortable with that. We are going to continue to exist and continue to pursue things according to our ideals and principles, and occasionally that means we will do live shows. It mostly means we will spend a lot of time on the phone talking about when we are going to get together and practice. ■



the dentists

behind the door i keep the universe

featuring

gas and **spaceman**

produced by: ingmar kiang
management:pat meagher
for meone artist management

buffalo tom

big red letter day

featuring

i'm allowed, sodajerk

and

tree house

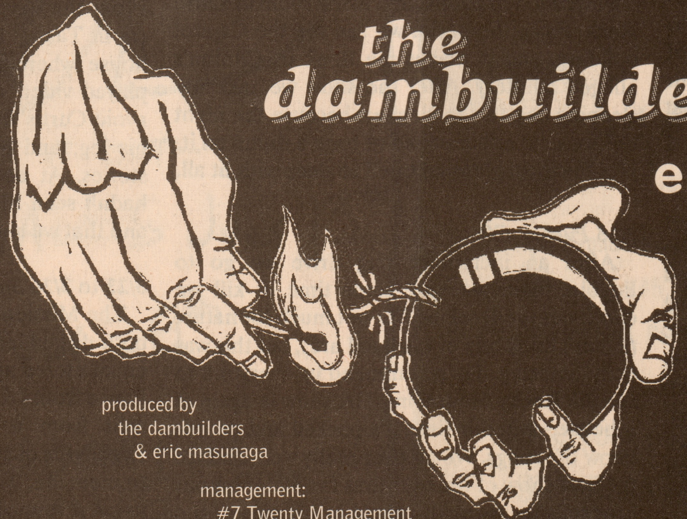
produced by
the robb brothers
with buffalo tom
direction:
tom johnston
management

beggars banquet records,
ltd. distributed by eastwest records america

Call 212-695-TUNE :

Hear it now! Press #

790 *buffalo tom*
810 *the dentists*
780 *the dambuilders*



the dambuilders

encendedor

featuring

smell

produced by
the dambuilders
& eric masunaga

management:
#7 Twenty Management

TOUCHTUNES™

ew® **the atlantic group** divsion of atlantic recording corporation

© 1994 atlantic recording corp. a time warner company

In early March, the band Garden Variety had just released their self-titled full-length album ($6 LP/ $8 CD from Gern Blandsten, 305 Haywood Dr., Paramus, NJ 07652. Write the band at this address also.) and decided it was time to hit the road. Bass player Anthony Roman, guitarist Anthony Rizzo, and drummer Joe Gorelick loaded up a van with equipment and whatever else they thought was needed (which included Little Artie, who volunteered moral support and road duties) and headed out across the great expanse of land we call America. Hopefully, the gigs they were playing and stuff they would sell at shows would be able to pay for food and gas, but what if the van broke down? What if it turned out the people in the band really didn't like each other after all? I asked that someone about their experiences on the road, and Anthony Roman was put to task. Thus (to paraphrase Rob Reiner), what follows is the sights, the sounds... and the smells of an American rock 'n' roll band. –Rich

Garden Variety: A Tour Diary

by Anthony

3/10 *Raleigh, NC*

The first day. We end up leaving three hours late. The goodbyes were definitely tough; a month is a long time. Before we're even out of Long Island, a strange aroma enters the van. We soon discover some fecal matter on the knee of Rizzo's pants. We never figured out how it got there. The show in Raleigh found us playing to about six people. When the owner of the club paid us a whole twelve dollars for our efforts, he also told us we should take that money and buy Rizzo a *real* amp. Thanks.

3/11 *Columbus, SC*

After browsing through Chapel Hill [NC] we drove down to Columbia. It was during this drive that I began to realize how much I hated the Jerky Boys tape. Unfortunately, my traveling companions didn't feel the same way. In fact, they feel quite the opposite. Before the show, which took place in our friend Jay's (Assfactor 4) dining room, I suffered from some weird shaking attack, which was either nerves or lack of good food. Whatever it was it scared the hell out of me because it was only day two, and I thought this was going to happen the whole tour. Luckily it didn't. Anyway, about five songs in the cops busted through and ended the show. Apparently we went over really well because we sold a ton of stuff afterward. Later on Jay threw a nice little bash which consisted of Rolling Rock, Camel Lights, live Jawbreaker tapes and some good conversation. Perfection.

3/13 *Little Rock, AR*

Played to ten people in a living room in Little Rock. From the parlor we can see the Capitol building, and it makes me think of Clinton's alleged adultery. After the show we take my sleeping bag to the cleaners because the night before a cat either puked or took a dump on it. Not the most pleasant smell to sleep with at all.

3/15 *Pueblo, CO*

After an incredibly long drive we go to Pueblo. Since we have some time to kill we check out the Rockies. I'm not much for nature (I don't think any of the band are), but this was truly amazing. I'd recommend to everyone to see the Rocky Mountains. The show is again at a house, only this time it's packed and people know the songs. We go over really well, and it's the best show of the tour thus far. Later on our host tells us about the ghost in his closet, and that coupled with the fact that we found about 100 roaches in our equipment is enough to make us cut out in the middle of the night.

3/18 *Tempe, AZ*

A long eerie ride through the desert all night on a two lane highway. It was one of the scariest drives Joe and I have ever been on. We saw dead cows, bloodstains on the road, and in the middle of nowhere a guy jumps in front of us looking for a ride, and he's got two dogs with him. Yeah, okay, we'll let you in. How he got there I still can't understand.

Arizona was really bad. We got to the show way too early and had to wait around for a long time, and everyone hated us. My voice was pretty much shot by now. The crowd was really odd, ranging from circa '77 crusty punks sharing bottles of liquor to kids in straightedge T-shirts. After the show we split up, and Joe and I walked through a Jack In the Box drive through, and despite the sign that read "You will not be served if not in a car" we were. Later we found Rizzo and Artie hanging out with a guy that sold fidgets for a living. Don't ask me what a fidget is, just be grateful you weren't there. Boy, was I missing Suzanne at this point.

3/20 *San Diego, CA*

Arrived in San Diego about 6AM, and I walked down to the beach to get some sleep. After about an hour I began to realize I, in my flannel shirt, shoes, hat, jeans and three day stubble would probably look like some bum that passed out there the night before. Paranoid that someone was going to come up and offer me change, I headed back to the house and slept there.

At the show we got thrown for a real loop hen Brad, ex-Wheelchair guitarist, came strolling up. It turned out he was traveling across this wonderful country of ours too. Antioch Arrow, the headliner, must be something special in S.D. because they brought out hundreds of kids on a Sunday night, including members of Rocket From the Crypt. After the show Curtis Taang (as in Taang! Records) invited us to his beach house where we hung out and drank beer, played video games, watched Rizzo trying to avoid Curtis' dog's rather untimely attraction to his leg, and heard some cool old punk rock stories. At about 4AM we realized that we hadn't seen Mr. Taang for a good two hours, and that we should probably split. So we did.

3/23 to **3/26** *San Francisco, CA*

The Mission District is an odd place, at once both disgusting and quite appealing. I've never encountered anyplace like it. We stayed with Lance from J-Church and Lali from *MRR*. Artie split from us and went to see his mom. Highlights of the Bay Area: Suzanne came out to meet me; Tommy Strange of Strawman took us on a tour of Mordam and gave us free CDs after knowing us for five minutes; the coffee at Muddy Waters Café which Rizzo is probably still dreaming about; our show with Angel Hair (who, by the way, are an incredible band from Boulder, CO) in an abandoned store front, which was one of the best shows we've ever played; finding old Squirrel Bait interviews at Epicenter; and running into old New York pals like Andrew, Charlie, and Marc. A fine stay indeed.

3/27 *Santa Barbara, CA*

Before the show we stopped at Suzanne's aunt's house, which as Rizzo put it, was more like a resort than a house. Maybe it was culture shock after sleeping on dirty floors in houses with no showers, but we were really happy to be in a nice place with a nice bathroom and friendly hosts. The show, with Unwound and Crain, went really, really, well. Unwound are absolutely incredible, because they have this ability to go from something very quiet to something loud and disgusting so easily that you don't know what happened, you only know you like it. And they're cool people on top of that.

3/28 *Eugene, OR*

For the uninformed, Eugene has the third highest population of insane people of all U.S. cities, and Icky's Coffee House probably served as a good microcosm, due to the fact that the insane outnumbered the sane by at least three to one. People told us later that they usually dose the coffee, but none of us felt anything. Must not have been our night. Later on the scariest person I've ever seen came up and asked Artie and I for a cigarette. Artie took one look at him and said, "No, but Rizzo does." He turned around and asked Rizzo, and basically scared the hell out of him. If you had seen Rizzo's face, you would have laughed.

As I slept that night I felt like something kept hitting me in the face, but I figured I was dreaming it or just freaking out. The next morning Artie told me he was throwing stuff at Rizzo (pillows, shoes, books) because my snoring, coupled with the smell of Rizzo's feet kept him up all night.

At this point I'd like to add that we were all starting to smell pretty funky. I'd taken to sleeping with my shoes on every night in order to spare the others the stench coming from my feet. We were able to shower about once every four days, which, when you're playing shows every night, is not nearly enough. Somehow though, Artie and Joe were able to stay cleaner than me and Rizzo. I guess it's all about priorities.

3/29 *Portland, OR*

Missed our show at the local record store, so we ended up playing in someone's basement. The few people there seemed to be quite into it, but then again, they could've been being nice. During our two day stay. Artie bleached his hair, which we thought was a rather inspiring punk rock move on his part. We all really enjoyed Portland – good coffee, good record and book stores, and a flourishing music scene. Also, we had the best macaroni and cheese ever at someone's house at 3AM on a Wednesday. For a dollar fifty you got a huge portion of macaroni and they played punk rock in the background as you ate. It couldn't have come at a better time.

3/31 *Seattle, WA*

We were all looking forward to Seattle, and we were not let down. Our friend Tracy Dahlia Seed had a spacious pad set out for us and we crashed for a while. Vinny Mint Tone was out there with his friend Tracy from Rag, who would later be the savior of our trip. Seattle's really cool with lots of hills and scenic views but with a definite city feel to it, which I was personally in the mood for. Friday's show was quite odd, at a scary place with no doorman, and lots of rather rough looking people drinking cheap beer. Saturday's show was awesome, as it was with Crain and Unwound again. Bumped into our old pal Scott up there. An awesome stay in an awesome town.

4/2 *(Easter Sunday)*

Woke up early to drop Suzanne off at the airport. the tour so far was great, but this is where our luck ran out; we knew it would happen, and it did. At this point, we were financially ahead, but not for long. It all happened in Cle Ellum, Washington. If you've never heard of Cle Ellum, be grateful. Don't go there. Ever. To keep it short, we broke down and had our van towed to a nearby service station. The van would cost more than $2,000 to fix. We crashed at a dump motel where I convinced the guy to give us a room for half price by giving him a good sob story. The next day Joe sold the van for $300 to a guy who wanted to keep his model airplanes in it. Whatever. We had Tracy from Rag pick us up and bring us to Seattle after deciding not to Greyhound home. Tracy mentioned that her boyfriend was selling a van, and well, we didn't have too many options left, so we bought it. Tracy, after picking us up and letting us crash at her place, lent us the cash also. We owe her our lives. So, now we were cruising in a 1979 Dodge van with 110,000 miles, mirrored ceiling, two sun roofs, vinyl interior, and a couch that folded out into a bed. We headed back east in style.

4/3 and 4/4

Driving east through the northern part of this country was incredibly boring. Actually, boring isn't the right term at all. It was just bad. We broke down, got lost, fought, ran out of gas, drove through massive snowstorms, ate bad food and froze to death because we had no heat. In North Dakota we got a real treat when we were stopped by a state trooper, who proceeded to search our van for "illegal drugs, weapons, and bodies." The last thing anyone needs on a freezing cold day in North Dakota is Mr. Super Cop who thinks he's got a real score because he stopped some "rock musicians" from New York. However, he wasn't smart enough to realize that Joe was driving an unregistered, uninsured van with Oregon plates. Sucker.

4/6 *Minneapolis, MN*

Got to the Twin Cities at 3AM for our eight o'clock show. Needless to say, it was over by then. Rizzo, Artie and I walked to the Mississippi and made a pact to get up at nine and walk around Minneapolis. In typical Garden Variety fashion, we woke up at 2PM, only five hours late. We're such losers sometimes.

4/8 *Chicago, IL*

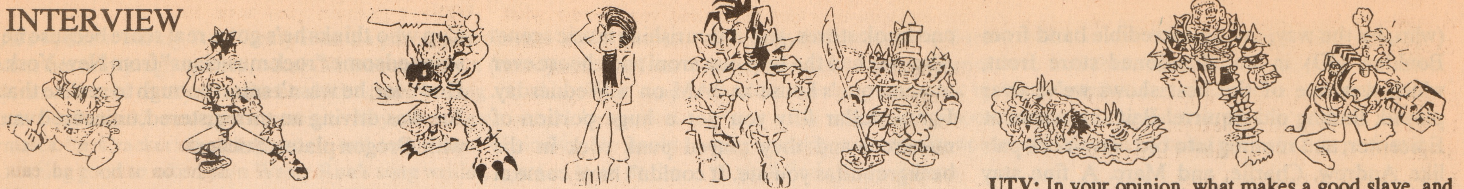
The Windy City. Heard the news of Kurt Cobain's suicide. We seem to be the only ones at all depressed about it, and while we sit around sulking about it, the promoter gives us money for dinner. We were completely in shock. We went down to a local laundromat cum bar/restaurant, where the idea is that while you're waiting for your clothes to dry you can have a few cocktails or eat. A brilliant idea I thought, but then when you're 1,000 miles from home everything seems like a good idea. I don't know how many times we said "This is the best coffee" or the best burrito, or the best city, or the best record store. *Everything* was the best.

The show was quite good. Well run, well attended, and fun. Played with Gauge who turned out to be a good band and nice guys. Later, we hit a bar in Wicker Park and drank a mess of Killian's Red. The night ended with Rizzo and I conversing with a guard dog inside a local store. Back where we were staying, I decided it would be a good idea to jump on Artie Philly as he slept. He, on the other hand, didn't like the idea, and responded by punching me in the face. Afterwards someone who lived there stepped on a nail in a piece of wood I found. This was not my night. Paranoid about the neighborhood and our equipment, Rizzo and I slept in the van. Joe said he found us at six in the morning with all the van doors wide open. I have no clue how that happened.

4/10 *Detroit, MI*

Detroit. The last show of the tour. Nobody was there and we wanted to go home pretty badly. I break a string on our fourth song, and we just called it quits after that. The end of the tour brought a weird feeling. Touring was at once romantic, beautiful, tiring, inspiring, strenuous, lonely, and fun. I'd recommend it to anyone. Just stay out of Cle Ellum.

Thanks to these fine folks: Artie Philly, Suzanne, my mom, Jen, Charles, Will, Vinny, Lance, Jay, Lali Donovan, Tracy Wilson, Tracy Rag, Angel Hair, Scott Kelly, THD, Joel Wick, Doug & Kim - Chicago, Bicker, and anyone who fed us, helped us, gave us a place to crash and made this tour possible. ■



*Created as an ultra elite group of warriors over one billion years ago when the Master of All Reality took a shit and had to wipe, then banished to Earth after they had pillaged their way across half the galaxy; exiled to a frozen tomb in Antarctica for having sex with penguins. Thawed by an airplane crash, reborn, and then imported to American youth by Sleazy P. Martini under the guise of a rock n' roll band, GWAR's musical mission of destruction and plunder continues on **This Toilet Earth**, their latest release on Metal Blade.-**Rich***

GWAR

by Rich

I answer the phone on a Thursday night. It's a woman who tells me her name is Danielle. She apologizes for being days late for an interview, then tells me she plays Slymenstra Hymen in GWAR. I request the interview in character...

Under the Volcano: Your latest musical conquest is entitled *This Toilet Earth*. Years ago, there was a movie named *This Island Earth*. Is that just a coincidence?

Slymenstra Hymen: I believe so. Yes. *This Toilet Earth* is our green statement. I don't know much about the music though -- it just takes over my body and makes me transcend whenever I hear it.

UTV: How has the death of Nixon effected Sleazy?

Slymenstra Hymen: I don't know, you'll have to ask him -- me and him don't talk...

UTV: Why not?

Slymenstra Hymen: Because he's such a corrupt man. I hate people that revolve their whole lives around money.

UTV: I assume that because he's a corrupt man that he also has a sexual appetite?

Slymenstra Hymen: Oh yes, he likes stupid women; he likes to devour them daily.

UTV: How many sexual partners do *you* need a day?

Slymenstra Hymen: None. I'm quite content with myself. I need to spray blood all over my beautiful skin daily to assure that my beauty is restored.

UTV: In your opinion, what makes a good slave, and what makes a good broth?

Slymenstra Hymen: A good broth? Hmmm...A good broth...Let's see, about a sixteen year old, young, it doesn't have to be white; I like black meat too. A good slave? Someone who worships every inch of the ground I walk upon...Anyone who's willing to devote their life to me. The way you do that is by chopping off your penis and offering it at all altar to Slymenstra....and that will protect you forever.

UTV: Oh, that's nice...Except I have a problem with the first part. How does Clinton being in office affect GWAR's plans to destroy America?

Slymenstra Hymen: Actually, it's a cover-up for Sleazy P. Martini to be able to deal with all his other duties and still run the White House.

UTV: How is Sleazy's relationship with Hillary? Actually, how is *your* relationship with Hillary?

Slymenstra Hymen: Hillary? Hillary who?

UTV: Clinton!

Slymenstra Hymen: Oh, the bitch in the White House? Do I care?

UTV: What was your most memorable sexual experience?

Slymenstra Hymen: Sexual experience? I think it was the time I saw light emanating out of my body after devouring a room full of corpses.

UTV: Yes, because "These foul morsels are coveted by millions." I understand that GWAR built Stonehenge to play croquet; what other landmarks has GWAR created?

Slymenstra Hymen: Well, there were the Tibetan Sex Farms...

UTV: What were the Great Pyramids?

Slymenestra Hymen: They were meditation chambers for recreational activity.

UTV: Any closing comments?

Slymenstra Hymen: I wanted to talk the women out there; Protect your rights; shoot first!

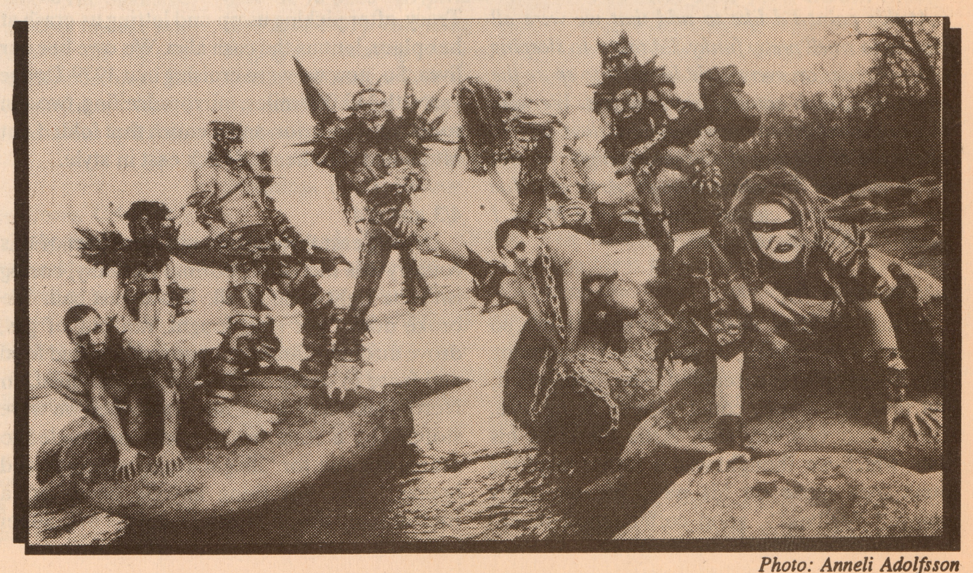


Photo: Anneli Adolfsson

A moment's pause and Chuck Varga, who plays the Sexecutioner, takes the reigns....

Sexecutioner: Yes, yes, to whom am I speaking?
UTV: My name is Rich, Sexecutioner.
Sexecutioner: Ah, Rich, Rich, I hope you're rich.
UTV: Wish I were, wish I were.
Sexecutioner: What can I do for you Rich? Sordid sidelines? You want me to speak all, tell all?
UTV: Well, what's the most sordid thing that you've done today?
Sexecutioner: Oh my God. Well, I had to reconstitute the eyeballs of a security guard. It's one of my duties. I'm a sideline brain surgeon -- I don't just do eyes. That was today, they were very blank and dead-looking, and I glossed them over and reanimated 'em. Figure I'll pop'em out again later on, but that will be another day.
UTV: During the Obliteration of Flab Quarv 7...
Sexecutioner: Ah...We used to know it!
UTV: What kind of kick did you get out of it personally?
Sexecutioner: I actually knew that we were slaughtering innocents -- got a big kick out of that. I kicked a lot of people too. It's like what's going on in Rwanda right now, except there was only seven or eight of us. Untold destruction on a world-wide level, you can't beat that. We'd like to do it here right now, but we still don't have quite the technology. It's still knives and bearskins, but you still get more a sense of humanity or inhumanity that way and the rush, you know? When you blow away a whole city with an atomic warhead there's not that personal touch...You don't get to feel the agony as much, too detached...
UTV: What is Jizmoglobin?
Sexecutioner: Jizmoglobin...Huh! I'll try to explain it to you in human terms, although I'm sure the concept is beyond your kin...Well, you know the whole spectrum of sensations that are far beyond humans, the ultra-violet, the infra-red. Well, if you were able to see those dimensions, you would see the aura around every person. That aura is a frequency, it's a sort of electronic burst that everybody puts out. Now, you can actually channel that. It's emitted from a gland, kind of like the pineal gland. Anyhow, this is from an unknown organ, I guess you guys don't know about it. But it's called Jizmoglobin, the very essence of the glory of any species I suppose. Anyhow, Jizmoglobin, you could call it ambition, I don't know. A lot of human stories I've noticed try to swipe the whole idea of Jizmoglobin, in fact. Anyhow, Jizmoglobin is extracted through people through a device known as the Homogenizer. The Homogenizer gets clamped on to you and homogenizes you, taking about 10cc of this pureé, this liquid called Jizmoglobin, which can be immediately ingested by somebody for a twenty-four hour episode of super powers and surreal sensations. Anyhow, say we put... Ice T into the Homogenizer. Know what you would get?
UTV: No.
Sexecutioner: You'd probably get a little more than 10cc of Jizmoglobin and a product of Dan Quayle. That's the difference. He's been homogenized. You took away his color, you took away his ambition, you took away his attitude. Now you got somebody that can't even spell "potato." You know in fact, you see the lost Generation X, all these vital kids running around with their ambitions, and you wonder what happens to them? Do they just fade away? And where do the stockbrokers come from? Where do those ham n' eggers come from? They've been homogenized. You don't know it, but your government, you, and everybody who watches a television set is a puppet of this propaganda campaign that's going on by a race from Reticulum.
UTV: Are there any dangers as far as the human race getting a hold of Jizmoglobin?
Sexecutioner: Well, it's just like, "What if somebody tried to steal the Silver Surfer's power?" I mean, you just couldn't hold it in your mortal form. I mean, you would blow up eventually...You'd spontaneously mutate. It'd be really cool for a while. Fortunately, I have my titanium armor and my genetic substitutes to help me through it night after night. I admit I'm a junkie.
UTV: What MTV VJ would you most like to snack on and why?
Sexecutioner: Kurt Loder. Basically, he's so homogenized, I'd love to shoot him up with some Jizmoglobin to see what he was before hand.
UTV: Since you created humans by having sex with apes, have you also considered having sex with penguins since you're from Antarctica.
Sexecutioner: Of course, I'm the Sexecutionor, so I have sex with everything. Of course it's probably a far more refined and prurient state than you would recognize. Penguins, okay, that's good 'cause it's beastiality I suppose, but it's got to be a dead penguin so it can be even more refined. And if the penguin is of the same sex and possibly and infant, well there you are! There's another several levels right there for you. So, I wouldn't just say any penguin would do.
UTV: How about trees and stuff like that?
Sexecutioner: Oh trees, hell.. A hole is a hole is a hole. Any longer than it is wide is good enough for me. Properly greased. Hell, not even greased.
UTV: I heard Sleazy has located Elvis? Where **is** Elvis located?
Sexecutioner: Oh, he's in one of the costume boxes, I'm sorry -- one of the armored suit boxes backstage on ice.
UTV: Will you actually be **touring** with Elvis? Will Elvis be with you?
Sexecutioner: Elvis, I don't want to speak for him. In fact, I really can't tell that side of the story -- you've given away too much. But I can say this: My close personal, very personal friend, Michael Jackson is on hand.
UTV: Michael Jackson?
Sexecutioner: Michael Jackson. The one and only. The lonely. We have a lot in common.
UTV: Do you have a message to the human race?
Sexecutioner: Submit or perish, or course. You can be dispatched first hand by me in the front row of one of many our shows. You can perhaps buy our sick, sordid products whereby you can re-enact the rituals we do on stage and eventually kill yourself at home with your family. Join Sleazy's organ donor program. We've get waivers, death certificates for anyone who's really interested, concerned about reaching their nutritional potential. Slymenstra told you about the World Maggot I trust?...That's the whole reason to be! To be on this whole tour that we are right now is to get off the planet for crying out loud we've been here too long.
UTV: I thought you were basically looking to annihilate and destroy...
Sexecutioner: Oh yeah, but now we have purpose, like I said. We're feeding this huge giant, larvae grubworm in the center of the planet called the World Maggot. We drilled a whole to the center of the planet. He appears every night on stage and eats people! Once the maggot is filled with your souls, it shall reach mammoth proportion, and we shall fly off of this planet, since even your most sophisticated space shuttle can't even get us past the moon.
UTV: Thank you Sexecutioner!
Sexecutioner: It was a displeasure talking to you! You're very unwelcome.

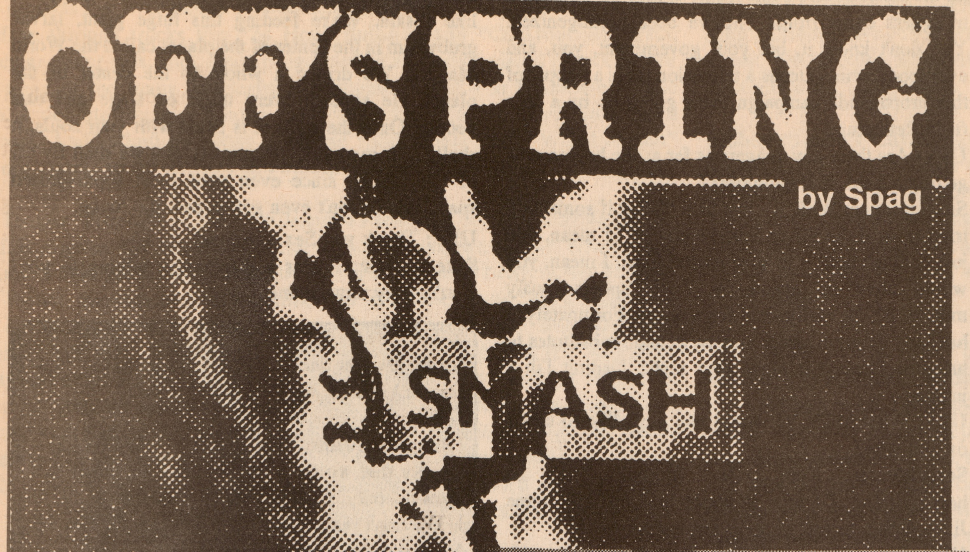
Lastly, Hunner Jackson (Techno Destructo) steps out of character and fills in the gaps....

Hunner explains, "The big deal with GWAR is actually that we are a twenty member group that contains only five musicians. I think a lot of people don't realize that when they see the GWAR show that we actually make all of our own costumes and created all the characters ourselves, and we do all of our artwork ourselves, too; all of our T shirt designs and album art, and in fact we're doing a lot of comic book stuff too, and at the end us this Summer we'll see the release of our new movie called *Skulhed...Face*, and we're working on a distribution deal with Troma who does *Toxic Avenger* and stuff like that. The *Skulhed...Face* movie will be on a limited theatrical release, which will mean like midnight movies and stuff like that, so if there's a theater in your area that shows midnight movies like *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* then it will come to your area, and shortly after that it will be released on video for general mass consumption."

The *Skulhed...Face* story will also see printed page: "We got a comic book deal with Last Gasp," Hunner tells me, "and what we're doing is a forty-eight page graphic novel, and it's the story of the Skulhed movie, and what we did, we took the story and split it up into about six different chapters and different artists that do GWAR, and each one did a different chapter. Even though it tells the story of the movie, each chapter has a different look and feel to it, and that is available on this tour....once we get off the road, it'll be seen in comic book shops all over the world!"

GWAR will continue to tour, which is easier now that Pete Lee, who plays Flattus Maximus, has recovered from severe physical trauma caused by a gunshot wound sustained on the way back home after a night of studio mixes. There is an art exhibit, trading cards, and a video for the song "Saddam A Go Go," all tied to Slave Pit Inc., the group of budding businesses run by the GWAR performers.

"That's part of what the Slave Pit concept is all about," Hunner concludes, "all of us working together. At first we were just like, barely surviving, stuff like that, and now we're getting to the point where we can actually make enough money to eat...luxuries like that." □



OFFSPRING

by Spag

I recently spoke to vocalist Dexter (Brian) Holland over the phone. Offspring are a kickass punk rock band that are diverse in their sound, and their new LP Smash (on Epitaph), is one of the few new records that makes me wet. Thanks, Jeff, Dexter, and Captain Morgan. –Spag

HOLLOWAY
bad brains

Photo: Kim Bockus

Under the Volcano: So what do you prefer, Brian or Dexter?

Dexter Holland: Whatever. I don't care.

UTV: So how'd you get the name Dexter, anyway?

Dexter Holland: Well...I wanted a dumb name. It was pretty dumb, so...The other guys don't like it, but oh well.

UTV: So then "Noodles" isn't his real name either then, eh?

Dexter Holland: No, no. Noodles is **not** his real name. He got that because he never stops playing guitar. He never stops noodling.

UTV: I think that's a stupider name than Dexter anyway, but that's another story I guess. So, I'm gonna ask you a stupid question: How do you feel about cops? Because I know you wrote that song "L.A.P.D." way back.

Dexter Holland: Personally, I hate cops.

UTV: Why is that?

Dexter Holland: I don't know; I'm not into the whole authority trip, you know? That's really what it's about. Although I **did** get beaten by a cop at a Dead Kennedys' show a long time ago. The show got like, way out of hand and riot cops came in. There was like six hundred people there, and they just started beating everybody with billy clubs. I was with my friends and we were about to leave, and dumb me, I thought, "Oh, we're not doing anything wrong, no one will want to beat **us** with billy clubs" but I was wrong. They came up behind me and hit me.

UTV: So tell me your outlook on gun control and guns. Do you have any personal outlook on gun control? It seems like you guys are pretty political. You guys are a political band, right?

Dexter Holland: I don't know...Personally, I'm not into guns. I wouldn't have one in my home, but it **is** a constitutional right, I guess. As long as you go through the proper channels I think you should be allowed to get one. That's just my personal opinion though, I don't know how the rest of the band feels about it.

UTV: So you just put out your third LP, *Smash* on Epitaph. How's it going? Is it selling well yet?

Dexter Holland: Yeah, it actually is. It's selling *really* well.

UTV: So this was your second release on Epitaph. You had an album out before that [Epitaph]. What was that on?

Dexter Holland: Yeah, that was out on a label called Nemesis, which was really Cargo Records, and they were the only ones who would sign us at that point. We put it out and it sold kinda, a few I guess. It didn't really do that well. Eventually, like about a year ago we got the rights back to it, so we just had them stop pressing it.

UTV: So it's out of print right now...

Dexter Holland: Yeah, it's out of print. We're just kinda hanging on to it.

UTV: You only released it as an LP?

Dexter Holland: Yeah, LP and cassette. It never came out on CD. They didn't want to do it then – they said there wasn't enough interest. This was like five years ago, so CDs weren't quite the norm yet. They were just about. We're gonna re-release it, but we just haven't figured out the best way to do it yet.

UTV: So how long have you guys been together then? It's been a while, huh?

Dexter Holland: Well, actually, a couple of us started almost...well, I guess nine years ago. And then the other guys got in the band, and we've had the same lineup for about six or seven years.

UTV: You've always been called the Offspring for six years?

Dexter Holland: Yeah.

UTV: Did you guys have a band before that? You've been together for nine years...

Dexter Holland: No, this was it. It was just kind of a hobby, you know? We're just slow.

UTV: So how did you go from Nemesis to Epitaph? You said that no one wanted to put out the record, then Epitaph picked you up.

Dexter Holland: Yeah. We put out the record on Cargo and they were into having us do another one, but we really weren't satisfied with what they were doing for us, so we shopped around and we had an offer from Lookout, and we kept on looking... We were able to get Brett interested because we kind of knew him, and we sent him our old record, and he said, "Well, send me some of your new stuff." We went in and demoed a tape just for them, and they just really liked it. It was just kind of a lucky thing. We demoed a tape that has "Session" on it, and he really liked that song, and signed us based really on that one song.

UTV: My friend went to go see that movie *The Chase* and there's this really big Epitaph soundtrack. Was there an Offspring song in the movie?

Dexter Holland: Yeah, there was a couple of them off the last record.

UTV: Do you know if they're gonna release that as a full-length CD soundtrack?

Dexter Holland: That was supposed to be part of the deal. Epitaph gave 'em the music for pretty much nothing in return for being allowed to do the soundtrack, but they had problems with each other. Like, the film company wanted them to put something like a really cheesy film shot of Charlie Sheen on the cover on the soundtrack...It was gonna come out dumb, I guess, so they just kind of backed off on it. So, it looks like there will be no soundtrack. I don't think so, no.

UTV: On the new LP *Smash* you guys do a ska song, "What Happened to You?" What's with that?

Dexter Holland: [laughs] It's funny that you say that. There's been a lot of interviews lately, and every single one always asks us about the ska song. Well, I don't know... Did you like it?

UTV: Oh yeah, I'm a big ska fan. It was just such a surprise to hear it; I wasn't expecting it at all, then it was like, "What the fuck? This is The Offspring, and they're doing a ska song."

Dexter Holland: Yeah... Well, we didn't know whether to put that on the record or not either. Ummm... I don't know, it was real close. We almost kept it off, and even afterward we thought, "Well, maybe we should have kept it off." It was just at the time we all liked the song. Like, once it got done, it was like, "Well, besides the fact that it's a ska song, we like it," whether or not what kind of format it is though, we'll put it on and we'll just see what happens. We'll see whether it's something that goes over or doesn't. I don't know if it will or not.

UTV: But what made you do it in the first place?

Dexter Holland: Well, whenever we do a record we don't want to have twelve songs that are exactly the same on the record, you know? We had a couple of different ideas. We probably had four or five different kinds of songs, and we just recorded them all, and we figured we'd pick one or two of them to be on the record as like just a different kind of song, or a departure or something. It kind of ended up that they *all* sounded good to us, so we ended up putting them all on. "Self Esteem" is kind of a slow song, and the ska song's different... It was kinda that we just wanted to try something different and see how it turned out.

UTV: And then you guys also have the Didjits cover song on there.

Dexter Holland: Yeah. They're out of Chicago. They're not very well known out here, but I heard that song and I really liked it a lot, and it sounds like an Orange County punk song to me. It sounds like a D.I. song to me, you know? And I thought, "Wow, we could do this. It's already made for a band like us, so..."

[Conversation turns to D.I., who Spag also likes].

UTV: So you guys just finished a tour of your own with Pennywise?

Dexter Holland: Yeah.

UTV: How'd that go?

Dexter Holland: It was great. No one knew if Pennywise would be able to pull it off, because they never toured before, but every show was sold out for them.

UTV: What'd you do, west coast to the east coast?

Dexter Holland: Yeah. It was the west coast for about a week and then the east coast for a little bit... It was like ten days in California, I guess, and then three weeks through the South into Florida, then up to New York. It went really well; everyone seemed to like Pennywise a lot.

UTV: What was your best tour experience?

Dexter Holland: Best tour experience? Well, we played a few shows on the way back by ourselves, because they [Pennywise] flew home from New York, so we had a show in Denver that was like, our best show ever. There was like nine hundred people there.

UTV: Who'd you guys play with?

Dexter Holland: We were headlining! That's what was so amazing to us. Those people came to see us!

UTV: Do you remember the CB's show?

Dexter Holland: Oh, yeah.

UTV: I'm sure you did. What was up with that man? That was a *really* weird up night.

[Both bands appeared drunk, taunted the audience, and got the crowd "motivated" in general].

Dexter Holland: Were you at that show?

UTV: Yeah, I was at the show. I came to see you guys more than Pennywise, and everyone in the crowd was like "Oh, you suck!" but then they were dancing. You were saying shit about New York, and you were saying shit about Epitaph bands, and everyone was just saying shit to each other. And then when Pennywise came on stage they made it even worse. And we outside and everyone's like, "Oh, what a bunch of dicks!" I was wondering, what was wrong?

Dexter Holland: Did it seem like I was giving shit to the New York people?

UTV: Yeah. You were saying some funny shit. I don't exactly remember...

Dexter Holland: I remember standing on stage, and after the first song someone goes, "When are you guys gonna do a video?" It sounded like it was a sarcastic thing...

UTV: Then you said "What do you think, we're Rancid?" And then you asked "What, do you think Bad Religion is punk? You think Rancid is punk?"

Dexter Holland: That's right... and they all thought Green Day was really punk...

UTV: Yeah, I was laughing as much as you... It was a really weird night.

Dexter Holland: Yeah, but I don't try to give the crowd shit, I just thought it was kinda funny. I just went along with this video thing for a bit. Yeah, it was an interesting night. All these people were there, but they didn't seem terribly excited about the show.

UTV: They all liked you, but they were all saying bad shit, like calling you a bunch of dumb surfers. Like Pennywise said "Oh, who lives by the water, so we can stay over your house tonight and surf tomorrow morning?" But anyway, what do you see as the difference between the New York scene and the California scene, when you were there at least?

Dexter Holland: It's the people. I mean, in California, especially for bands like us and Pennywise, there's a crowd and it has mostly surfers and skaters. There aren't a whole lot of punkers left, really.

UTV: I don't think there's many here...

Dexter Holland: But you go to New York, and you look like you'd be into Sick Of It All and stuff, you know? It's kind of like, they're very different places... Yeah, it's different. Different culture. New Yorkers aren't into fun in the sun or anything, you know, because it doesn't have good weather out there as much...

UTV: So what are you guys doing right about now?

Dexter Holland: Well, we're getting ready to do some weekend shows. We just got back from a tour and I'm trying to keep my job, so we're not going to go on tour right away, we're gonna do some weekends... then we'll start a tour in July.

UTV: You're coming back to New York?

Dexter Holland: Oh, yeah, yeah... I would guess it's around the beginning of August.

UTV: So what new bands are coming out of the L.A. scene now that you kind of dig?

Dexter Holland: My favorite band down here is a friend of mine called Guttermouth, and I think they're great. They're kind of like funny, really fast punk rock. I love the Epitaph bands; NOFX is really good. Those guys are gonna be huge I think, because they keep on growing.

UTV: This is like a naughty question: Since Bad Religion has signed, have you heard about any other Epitaph bands being talked about?

Dexter Holland: Being talked about?

UTV: Yeah.

Dexter Holland: Well, um, actually, yeah, sure. Just about every single one has been made an offer.

UTV: Is that including yourselves?

Dexter Holland: Yeah, but at this point we're signed to Epitaph for another one, and I *really* like Epitaph. I'm not anxious to jump to a major at all.

UTV: What's your favorite alcohol? I like to ask that question, because we like to drink.

Dexter Holland: I like Captain Morgan's rum.

UTV: Yes! Fucking Captain Morgan! I can't believe you said that. That's like, one of our favorites back here in New York. Good spiced Puerto Rican rum.

Dexter Holland: Yeah, it's great.

UTV: Next time you come to New York, I'm bringing you a bottle. ■

Selfless Records

by David

Punk is not dead. Amidst all the grungy corporate wannabees, Gap commercials and opportunists who just turned in their spandex for flannel, shines Selfless Records. Like a beacon of purifying light, Selfless reasserts the spirit of wild creativity, community, and cutting edge sonic aggression that were the real sources of the punk rock revolution. The story of this label is a textbook study of how to start a label that will continue to grow and thrive while not losing the idealism and fun.

The first key to Selfless Records is its founder and principle shit worker, Todd Selfless. He's a modest kind of guy, who seems almost surprised that anybody would be interested in talking to him about his life's work, which is clearly something he just does to please himself. When you ask him a question the answer is always understated, which is surprising in a scene increasingly dominated by self-promoting windbags. It is this quality that caused his wife to call him Selfless, a name he liked so much he passed it on to the label. Asked about his life in punk, the 27-year-old Dallas native tells me that the first band he listened to was Van Halen, but he soon graduated to local Texas products DRI, Stark Raving Mad, and The Butthole Surfers. When Todd was ten he started working at a local record store, and began gravitating toward the local scene because "It had to do with a sense of belonging to something. After all, home life wasn't a real charmer. I started going to shows in eighth grade, which was in '80, spent my weekends at the clubs, and got into as much as a 13-year-old can, doing the door, once in a while doing the sound, and got into the whole 'groupie' type thing, where you had bands stay over so you can hang out with them. I had a radio show on KON Dallas for a year and a half, then the show got taken of the air as a result of Jerry Falwell buying the station."

At 18, Todd made the very unpunk move of getting a very straight job and moving to Georgia for four years. He says, "I saved enough money to get married, put the down payment on a house and do the family type thing." Though some of you may scoff, there is a lesson here. Most of the radical punks I've known burn out after a few years, and by the time they are in their mid-20s are either rehab bait or studying to be accountants; if you are really into this thing for the long haul, you might consider doing it from a stable base of operations. It was in Georgia that the foundations for Selfless were laid.

Todd continues, " I got into record collecting. I just collected bands I liked, not because they are hard to find stuff, like The Big Boys, The Dicks, The Zero Boys, the type of mid-1980s bands I still do projects with. After about two years, it got to the point where I had no more records to collect, and I realized to get the type of records I wanted I would have to make them myself." He was aided in this cause by a happy circumstance: "In doing my trades I came across a massive record collection at a used bookstore in Georgia. They were all the early Touch and Go, Dangerhouse and Dischord releases, and about three quarters of the Misfits discography. It was amazing." Todd bought this stash for a song and started the label by auctioning off a part of it.

Todd's plunge into the record industry was initially not a smash success. In 1988, he released a single by a local Georgia band appropriately named Debt of Nature. He lost money, but learned two important lessons. He recounts, "When you see something limited to 500 and you think that 500 would be really easy to sell, you might think twice. And don't just put out stuff on the basis on friendship. Friendship clouds the judgment." Todd then moved back to Dallas and the label began to flourish. The subsequent 28 releases read like a *Who's Who* in state of the art punk and hardcore scree; split singles by Jawbreaker and Jawbox, Big Boys and The Dicks, LPs by Screeching Weasel and Drop Dead, and 7"s by the likes of Antischism and The Queers will suggest to you the mouth watering array that Selfless has offered over the years.

I ask Todd about the common denominator of the bands on his label; after all, what does the lighthearted, boys will be boys punk of The Queers have to do with the psycho angst hardcore pounding of Antischism? He responds, "I've often asked myself that and I can't pinpoint it. I like a lot of bands who take everything they do very seriously. I think the entire scene itself should be a lot of fun, and that's the spirit I try to keep in the label. Certain releases may be a very serious thing for the band, but Selfless as a whole is not a serious thing at all." It was this attitude that produced one of the labels most inspired projects. Todd explains, "Coming home one night in the car, they played the Ramones on the radio. Getting out, I thought, 'Wow, there was a certain little part that sounded like Screeching Weasel. Wouldn't it be fun if they did a Ramones over song?' I usually start with a small idea and then I blow it up into its biggest proportions, which ended up their doing the whole first album. The concept of the other bands doing it came out as a kind of sticking my tongue out at the person who reviewed the Screeching Weasel album in *Maximum RockNRoll*. They didn't even review the record, all they said was they could imagine a bunch of 30 year old drunk punks at a club listening to this, but it didn't have to be done. It peeved me that it wasn't even reviewed, so subsequently we're going to have The Vindictives and The Queers (respectively) covering *Leave Home* and *Rocket to Russia*.

Todd also is no shirker when it comes to packaging these limited edition gems either. Take the first pressing of the Jawbreaker/ Jawbox split. While three hundred appeared on yellow vinyl and 1700 on black (with different covers), one hundred were released as a double 7" with blank sides individually illustrated (each one different) by members of the band. His real masterpiece was the *Drop Dead* LP, which came in a stainless steel box with a lid. A screw and washer held the LP down, and the box was lined with red felt. It also contained an 8", a 7" and a 5", and 40 different flyers with a silk screen cover laid on top. Only 25 of these artifacts were produced and went to special fans of the band. I ask Todd if he has any of these tasty morsels still available, and he laughs and says, "I wish I had a dime for every time somebody asks about getting this one or the Jawbox split or the Screeching Weasel LP." And sadly, there are no plans to reissue any of this stuff, because when Todd says "limited edition" he means it. He explains, "It's frustrating when you have a band's entire discography and there is nothing left to search for. When I ran out of stuff I was looking for, I thought it would be fun to be able to work with bands I like and have their fans be able to look for those records."

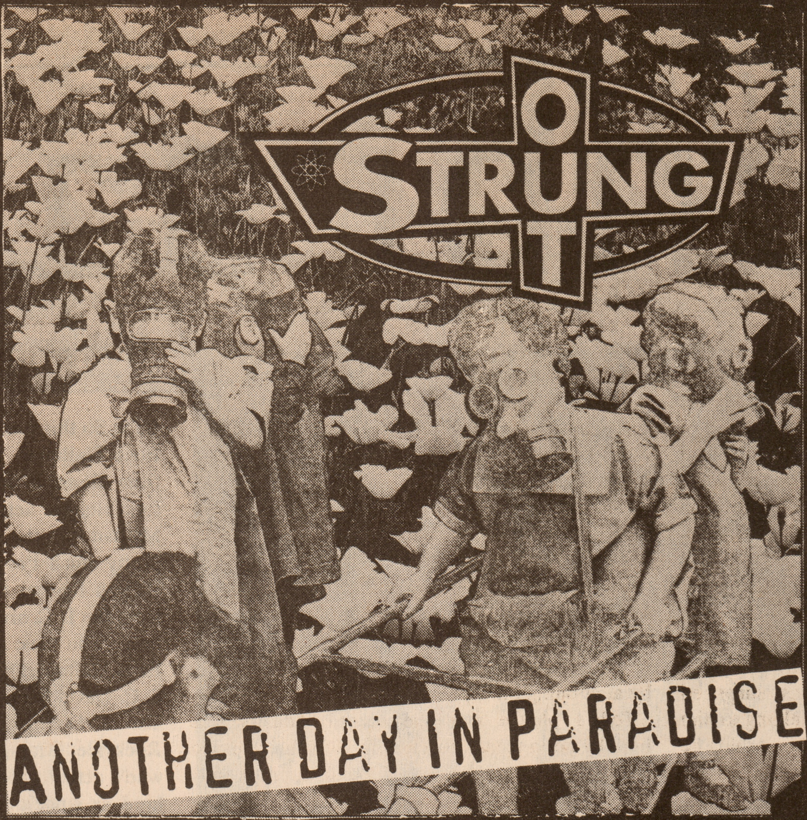
Todd supports himself with a day job in receiving at the joint and valve factory. Although all of Selfless' releases sell out, some within days, the label just about breaks even. However, to those who understand the economics of small independent labels, not losing money is a sign of success. The fact that he sells his singles for three bucks, while the very limited editions go for five (the Drop Dead steel box was $35 postpaid) means he isn't getting rich anytime soon. He seems to care little for money, and dissatisfied with the delays involved in his production agreement with Dutch East, has decided to start manufacturing his own records. To this end, he is changing the label's name to Clearview. As for future projects there is a Queers live picture disc in the works, a Spazz (Chris Dodge of Slap A Ham's band) LP, special limited editions of which will have steel jackets and the aforementioned Vindictives and Queer albums.

What makes this little label so great is that it's so infused with Todd Selfless' joy of running his own label and giving others pleasure as a result of his own quirky vision and creativity. When I ask him what he likes best out of his past catalogue, he predictably responds, "I hate to sound like a big cheeseball but I think I like it all." ■

Write to Todd at:
Clearview/ Selfless Records
2157 Pueblo
Garland TX 75040

IT'S NEW.

IT'S FAT.


STRUNG OUT
ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE

NEW
ALBUM
OUT
MAY
15
ON:

FAT
WRECK CHORDS

P. O.
BOX
460144
SAN
FRANCISCO
CA
94146

YOU COULD BUY IT.

Farside
RIGGED
Marshall
KABOOM
Marshall

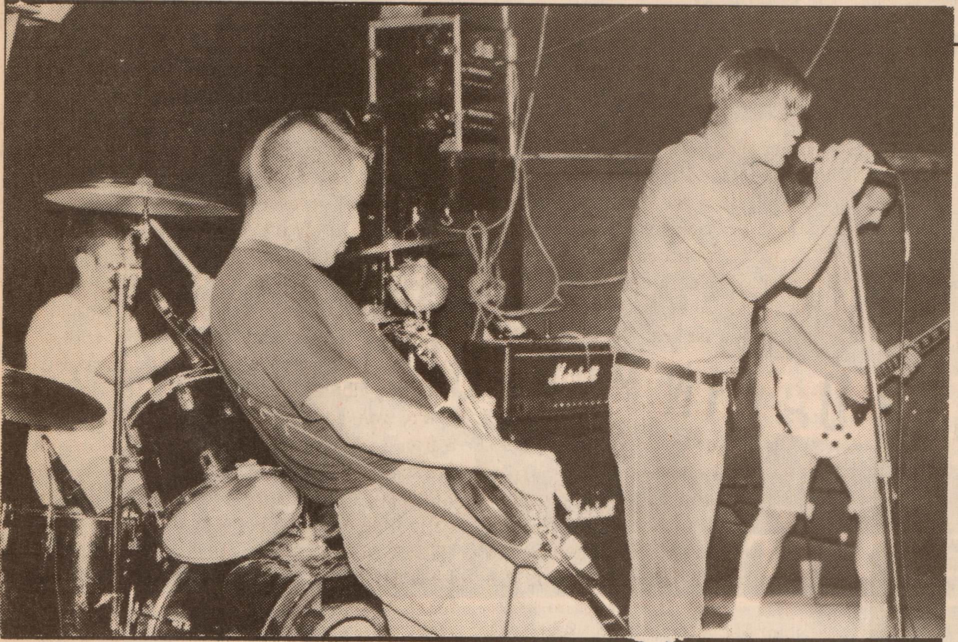
"Rigged" New LP Out Now
LP or Cassette $8.00, CD $10.00

P.O. Box 5232
Huntington Beach,
CA 92615-5232
Send an S.A.S.E. for a Catalog

R
REVELATION
RECORDS

sunbrain

by spag



*Spag spoke to Russ Hallauer, guitarist for the noisy but melodic Sunbrain, over the phone from the spacious offices of UTV sometime in April. Sunbrain have a new album, **Good Side**, out on Grass Records. Thanx Camille and Russ. –**Rich***

Under the Volcano: How you doin' man?

Russ Hallauer: Spag is your real name?

UTV: It's kinda a nickname. It's half a last name – cut short in half, and I grew up with it, so it stuck. Let's start off with a basic question here; just give me your names and the instruments you play.

Russ Hallauer: I'm Russ Hallauer, I play guitar. The other members are David Dondero who's the vocalist, Steve Glickman is the drummer, and Eric Nail is the bassist.

UTV: How and when did Sunbrain first get started?

Russ Hallauer: It was about four years ago, and the three members other than myself and another guitarist formed the band. About a year after that I joined the band. For a while I was doing a band of mine called The Love Psychos and Sunbrain at the same time. For about six months Sunbrain had two guitar players, and that whole six months was hell – we didn't like each other. Anyway, it turns out now that he was gone. We kinda like, broke up, I guess it was like... shit... two-and-a-half years ago, because we were all students at the time, and Dave had graduated, and we kind of went "Okay, that's it" because he went to Alaska. And then he came back and when we reformed the band it was like, kind of like understood that the other guitar player wasn't going to be part of it anymore.

UTV: So this was originally like a college project...

Russ Hallauer: Yeah. None of us are actually from Clemson, South Carolina. None of us, except for Eric, are actually even from South Carolina. My dad is in the navy, went all over the place, but pretty much I'm from Alexandria, Virginia.

UTV: I figured that one of you guys had to be from the D.C. area because of the sound you guys have. You have a very D.C. [influenced] sound.

Russ Hallauer: That would be me... I grew up in D.C. David is originally from Minnesota, Steve is also a D.C. area kind of person; he's from Rockville, Maryland, and Eric is the only one who's actually from South Carolina... We all met here as students. Since then, David and I have graduated: over a year ago for me, and over two years for David. He's the oldest.

UTV: So you guys are living in South Carolina right now?

Russ Hallauer: Right. Steve and Eric are kind of on again, off again students. When we're not touring, they're here. They're still at school, which is pretty much the reason we're still here. There's really not much here except the university.

UTV: Yeah... One of my questions was gonna be "What is there to do in South Carolina besides light fireworks, smoke cheap cigarettes, and eat pecan pie?"

Russ Hallauer: If Steve and Eric weren't still students, I'm not sure we would still be here. The reason we were all here in the first place was school, and the band started up, and since the band's here it kind of became the new reason to be here. But, like I said, they're in school now, they get out in a week, and then we're on tour for the entire summer, for like three months.

UTV: Are you guys gonna come up to New York?

Russ Hallauer: Yeah, we'll be in New York several times... we'll definitely be back, the only date I know is July twenty-something, we'll be at the New Music Seminar, but odds are very favorable we'll be there in June as part of another tour, then back again in July, then maybe back again...

UTV: 'Cause I mean, if you guys have some extra time, we live out in Long Island... if you guys could, we have a place for you to stay, maybe we could set up a big gig somewhere on Long Island.

Russ Hallauer: That would be cool...

UTV: Before you guys put out *Perfection Lies* did you guys put anything else out?

Russ Hallauer: Umm... We did an EP – at the point in time where I told you that we had two guitar players we did a seven song EP. It wasn't released on anything. It was just our demo tape... *Perfection Lies* was also a demo. We went in the January of '93, we had twelve songs and we had this guy that was gonna do 'em for real cheap, and instead of just going in and doing like, you know, a couple song demo, we just went ahead and did a demo album and we put it out on our own label, which was pretty much me, and that's what we sent out to all the labels, and Grass essentially... well, not essentially, they did just re-release our demo tape. We did it for like 600 bucks over a weekend. Our first album is really not like a "label" album.

UTV: How did Grass really get in contact with you? How did they track you down? 'Cause they seem to get the weirdest bands; they seem to get these bands from these weird states that no one knows about, and they... seem to be pretty good.

Russ Hallauer: We were very, very, lucky. Like I said, we did *Perfection Lies*, I did it just on cassette, we did it real simple, and we just kind of sold 'em at shows, and I took about 50 or 60 of them maybe, and just sent them to like, every address I had, you know, like publications... and everything, and they kind of went out there and nothing really happened and I forgot about them. Then Camille from Dutch East, who had just started Grass at the time, we were the third band to sign on Grass, just called and pretty much just flat out said "I want to sign you." She already had the contract in the mail by the time I actually spoke to her. We took about a month to negotiate the contract and did it for three records, of which *Perfection Lies* was the first, and it was already recorded, so...

UTV: What's the picture on the inside cover?

Russ Hallauer: That is a magnified picture of Velcro.

UTV: Who thought of that?

Russ Hallauer: That's all me being "Mr. Photo Man."

UTV: Are you a photo major?

Russ Hallauer: Not really; I did the new album. You guys have the new album?

UTV: Yeah, I got the new album.

Russ Hallauer: Yeah, I did that too. I kind of do it when there's an occasion to do it... I'm kinda weird about it. I don't want anybody else to do our album for us, you know? So I kind of take it upon myself and turn myself into a photographer and just come out with it. I'd rather do it myself.

UTV: The new album, it came out of nowhere... I've never seen a write-up on you guys, or interviews or anything with you guys. Do you know why the album just came out out of nowhere?

Russ Hallauer: One reason might be that it's coming out on all three formats, and something about the way Dutch East... They do their CDs at once place, and their vinyl at one place, and their cassettes at another place. They got the CD back last month, and they called me and said "We've got the CD, we don't have the other two, do you want us to release it, or do you want us to release it all at once like we're supposed to?" I told 'em to go ahead and just release the CD, and it's going to be kind of released again next week when she has the vinyl and cassettes. Does that make sense?

UTV: Yeah, that makes sense... What do you guys tend to write your songs about?

Russ Hallauer: Um... David writes all the lyrics...

UTV: So you don't really know...

Russ Hallauer: Well, I know as well as you do. I have a little bit more insight because I live with him. Not in the same place, but I see him day to day, so I know what he's thinking about, and can I see the words reflect that. But, yeah, *he* writes all the lyrics, it's not like a big collaboration of us all as far as the lyrics go.

UTV: Can you explain to me "Sticky Pages"?

Russ Hallauer: "Sticky Pages" he kind of ad libbed in the studio, to be honest with you. Everybody asks about that one. He writes in his journal I guess like a lot of people do, and he just writes a bunch of stuff, and when he went into the studio this time he had about three versions of lyrics for every song, and he's real weird about it. He's like, "Do you like this? Do you like **this**?" And we're all just kind of like, " David, just do what you want" you know? And he gets all frantic and does like eight hundred versions of it, and then he picks one. So, "Sticky Pages" is a conglomeration of three different lyrics he had written for that song, and he kind of threw them all together on the spot.

UTV: Yeah, 'cause part of the song is about masturbation, then another part is about pissing for a job, and then the chorus "what magazine blows you up..." I was really confused, but their you go – three different versions.

Russ Hallauer: Yeah, this is the first album we wrote the lyrics down too, just to kind of add to your confusion, so there's no doubt as to what he's saying.

UTV: So you guys take psychedelic drugs to help you out at all?

Russ Hallauer: Nope.

UTV: No? You guys are straight?

Russ Hallauer: We're not "straight" straight. I guess you've probably talked to a lot of straightedge punk rock bands... No, we don't really use too many drugs other than alcohol.

UTV: What's your favorite alcoholic beverage then?

Russ Hallauer: My favorite alcoholic beverage these days, I've been drinking a lot of Genesee beer. You know, up there around Genesee river by Rochester?

UTV: Yeah. That's pretty much piss beer though. *[By the way, Spag prefers stouts to pilsners]*.

Russ Hallauer: I know. It's good... [laughs] It's really cheap down here; I don't know if it is up there or not.

UTV: It's considered one of the cheaper beers, like American or Old Milwaukee.

Russ Hallauer: Yeah... You used to never be able to get it down here. My dad's family's from Rochester, so I have all these weird ties to Rochester. You used to never see it down in the South, and lately it's down here for real cheap.

UTV: So what's next for you guys, just a tour?

Russ Hallauer: We hit the tour like, around, May 15, and we'll be gone pretty much all summer, on again, off again, and then at the end of the summer, we'll see. We've got enough material for another album, but it's a little bit too soon... We're gonna go into the studio next month with a friend of ours and put something down on the 8-track, and we're just gonna see what we can do with that; I'm not sure if it'll ever get too far. I've got a little record label that I run myself...

UTV: What's the name of that?

Russ Hallauer: Ghostmeat Records, and that's like a brand new thing for me.

UTV: That's good. What kind of bands are you putting out?

Russ Hallauer: Pretty much like Carolina and Georgia based punk rock kind of bands. Most of 'em are friends of mine. It'll be a miracle if I actually ever have enough money to put out something like a real label, and go see a band I don't know and say "I want to put a record by you." Right now, we're doing a split. It's gonna be a Sunbrain and this band Luxury from Georgia, we're gonna be doing a split with them, just stuff like that. Then there's gonna be a straight-up Sunbrain seven inch that I'm gonna do on my label. One very cool thing about Grass is that stuff like that is completely legit; in the contract it says we can do, as long as it's only like one or two songs at a time, we can do them not only on my label, but just anywhere we want. She's really cool about that. We can't do full-length records with anyone else, and we owe Grass one more record.

UTV: Are you guys gonna stick it out on Grass for a while?

Russ Hallauer: If someone could offer me enough money where I could quit my day job, I'd jump on that opportunity.

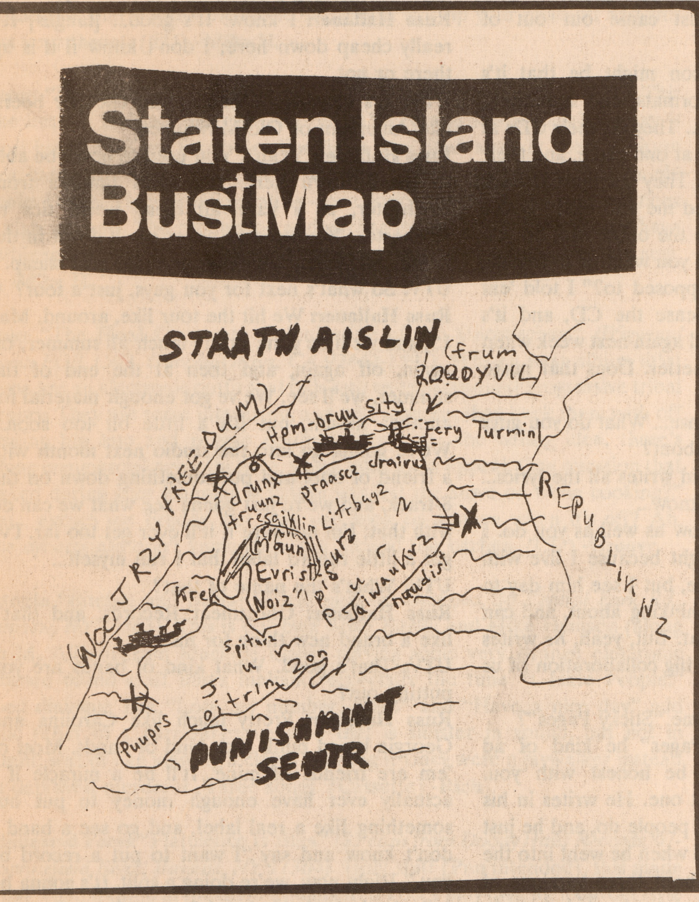
UTV: And move out of Carolina, right?

Russ Hallauer: Yeah, we'd figure something out. If we could just play more and not have to fuckin' work 40 hours a week and then hop in the van for the weekend. ■

PUNK REEPORT

bai Daany du Punk, Jr.

HEL-O, ROODY-TAUN!



STAATN AILIN PUNISHMINT SENTR, janyooery, 2008

ai figyurd ol yoo reedus aut thair hoo sumhau haevnt bin kawt yet wud laik ta heer du strait→ shit frum us "Delinqnts" kuupt up heer on du faimus ailun u Staatn Punkizmint Sentr. ⊠most u yoo, du reedas (hau meny kin stil reed aut thair n du YooEsAi?) r proly singin du Staatn Aislin blooz wit us, but yoo proly no wat it laik anewai. Olso, frgiv me mai spelin mistaix, cauz ai ant no bitr at du Nu Spelin aaz ai wuz wit du ol Hard Spelin.

first, a bitta (indeedi) hir-stury: Lord Joolyaaneez need fr jail spais tu fit n iz "Qality uv Laif" kam-pain, wich jumpt awf in 1994, wuz du maijr faktr. wit du Stait taikin ovu du hol u Raikuz Ailin in 1995, jointu du evu-inkreesin paapyoolaishn u priznus, dair kaim du laitbulb momint fu du Lawd Maia Ruudy (≠ "rudboi", fu-shur) Joolyaany. hizaanu wuz tryin tu figu aut hau tu stil git 'isself ree-elektd, wail letin Staatn Ailan reeseed. tu maik u loong story short, 2 boidzs wuz slain wit 1 bulit aaz du pauwuz daat bee turnd Staatn Aislin frum u garbij dump too u hyuumun dump.

dus du "Staatn Ailin Punishmint Sentr" wuz born, n nau haf du paapyoolaishn u Nuu York Sity iz heer, depraivd u du rait tu voat kawz wir-ol kun(t)viktd u sum "qality uv laif" kraim or unuthr. du remainin lawfl sitizinz gaiv Ruudy du Lordship fur Laif in graetituud fur ridin du Sity uv ol du undeezairublz. nau we gaat ol du Daarx, du Spanz, du reblz, n ukors, du punx on Staatn Aislin witaut du faimus Fery Tikit.

Sainjorj iz taikn up wit draivuz, n du "muuvn vaiyolaishnz" r up on du Hil wail hunurz u tauznz u "paarkn vaiyolaishnz" gaat du bes vyuu u du Haarbr n dair homz in du res u du Sity. du bigis groop bai faar iz uvkors du Jaiwaukrz, ovu u milyun uv m aakyoopaiyen Staipltn ol du wai daun du kos tu Noo Dar'. kaarz r naat ulaud heer, so at leest dai kin jaiwauk ol dai wunt.

Daad, "Daany du Ainshn Punk" az dai kold m, he laix tu hang aut wit du praaseez (he stil kolz m "praastee-toots") in Por Richmun, but e kant git laid cauz nobudy gaats no daaluz n nobudy givz no kredit. heez aufn seen olso neer Maun Evrist, az we kol du Dump, fr zats wair ol du kunviktid "pisurz-n-publik" liv n thair tenz u tauzinz. uvkors at thu very taap u du burg ar du reestriktd zonz fr doaz shaimlis formr sitizinz hoo wur kaut failin tu sepurait thair garbij fr ree-saiklin. thai hafta sort aut ol du saikl stuf on Maun Evrist, tu.

du aireeyu dat ai no bes iz ukors Marinurz Haarbr, wair dairz kurunly u troos between du kidz heer fr unr-aij drinkn aan du leejnz u publik drunx. Hom-bruu Sity, we kaulzit. nerbai r du "troonz" glad tu bee free frum Skool, but dai kaent raiz kraaps fr shit so dai uuzooly endup getin fukt up da bak-luv kun'-aal, jus tu eet.

wai daun sauth at Taatnvil dair r ovr u hunerdthauzn kriminls kunviktd unr du "pooprskoopr" lawz. ulaat uv m gaat dair dogz smugld in so nobudy goz daun dair tu vizit m.

nuthu intrestn gruup iz seen ulong du train traax but nevr n wun plais fr long, n dats du "turnstail jumprz". thair numurz r raizn evn mor nau sins du subwai fair n du Sity wenup tu $15 aaftr Ruudy dun du Praivutaizaishn Trik n sol m tu Donel Trump..

dairz u smol koluny u spiturz kaempt aut ulong du swaamps ulong du Kreex eest u Fresh Kilz. hauevr, rait n du midl u du swampz iz a very inturestin hord u party fulx hoo ol gaat bustid fur "unnesisairy noiz." dai yuustu be klos tu du hafumilyun Reefurz til Guvnr Fonz Daamaado saind intu law du "Tree joints n yur aut" law wich maid m ol Stait kaisiz n shipt m ol tu Raikurz. dairs stil u larj noodist koluny uraund Sauth Beech n it juz keepson gro-in, aaz dai sai. praaly kauz dairz no kaaps on Staatn Aislin sept on Maun Evrist n uvkors raun da shitn but welnaimd Very Turminl.

meny tenz u tauznz u formr "street pedlrz" aar skatrd uraun da Ailin. neerly haef u milyun litrbugz r kaempt aut on Maun Evrist uv cors. las but surtinly not leest (evry reeda mus haav a kin r u maity r at lest u kloz frin umung m) iz du Loitrin Zon, wich az yuu praly no stretchiz frum Grait Kilz ol du wai daun tu Richmun Vaaly neer Taatnvil.

praakly evry dai sumbudy traiz tu swim tu Noo Jrzy, knoin aaz we duu thaat naithr Lizbith nor Baiyon wil ulau extrudishn baek tu Lord Roodeez Kaasl (an ai see aftr du Anexaishn dat inkluudz ol uv Lawn Gailin, but dai wont notis du difrenz fr u wayil til du plais starts umpteyin aut), but da putrol boats, mainz, n 'lektaanik devaisez in du wautr git almos ol u dem, an du remainz u du blonup brijz r ol boobeetrapt ≠. doz hoo git kot aar taikn tu Raikurz.

du taidz raizn nau n du wautr lux gud ta me. ≈≈≈≈ bai-bai, Roody ☚
see yoo dair, punx!

CITY TRIES TO EVICT ABC NO RIO; PUNX FIGHT BACK ARTISTICALLY

by Donny the Punk

ABC No Rio, Inc., for 12 years a nonprofit noncommercial community arts center at 156 Rivington Street on New York's Lower East Side, was served with an eviction notice for May 31 by the City's Department of Housing Preservation & Development (HPD), with which the punk artists have a standard commercial lease covering the main floor, basement, and back yard. No reason for the eviction was given, but the artists have been fighting a legal action against the city for failure to maintain the building for years; the whole Winter From Hell was endured without heat.

ABC, which is run by punx thru biweekly open meetings, is funded in part by the NY State Council on the Arts. It is dedicated to the display of "underground" and non-commercial art and performances, including Sunday poetry readings and punk/hc/ska bands on Saturdays, many Fridays, and some Sundays. The all-punk Board of Directors, which recently lost Neil Robinson, is exceptional in focusing on getting youth interested and involved in the arts.

A recent artistic exhibition was a collective display of "Punk Art," while "AIDS Artifacts—DNR Xerox Project" was scheduled to follow in the main-floor gallery, but may fall victim to the HPD action. Among the noted artists who have been displayed at ABC No Rio are Keith Haring (who later became quite famous), Sue Coe and Rebecca Howland.

ABC No Rio decided to take its case to HPD, urging artists, punx, and supporters from throughout the area to join in a "mobile art show" on Monday, May 23 from Rivington Street to the Maiden Lane main HQ under the theme "Take Art to HPD." Organizers said they believed HPD lacked an appreciation for alternative art and therefore should be shown how art can be created on the spot, even in a government building. "Think of the creative possibilities with all that paper lying around," said Amilkas Serrano at a planning meeting. Chris Premas, the new president of the board, thought a vigorous exhibition of punk folk dancing in HPD offices would impress city employees.

To further cultivate the artistic tastes of HPD officials, ABC No Rio asked artists throughout the city to fax visual art to HPD on the same day; audio artists were encouraged to provide acoustic samples. A major campaign was launched to secure support and publicity. One team worked on a video project to document the struggle. "We're listed in a city handout for tourists and bring many visitors from beyond the metropolitan area," said Alex Hajnal; "we support local merchants, help keep Rivington Street safe, and have excellent relations with the 7th precinct and with community residents."

"This is all part of Giuliani's war against small cultural organizations," said i, according to an ABC press release. "The Mayor wants art to be for the rich only; he'll give millions to art museums whose boards are loaded with millionnaires and who own their own buildings, but let a poor community try to encourage art and he'll close you down any way he can."

As UTV went to press, there were reports that a compromise might be reached which would move events to an alternative site in Williamsburgh or Greenpoint, Brooklyn, while city contractors did major work on the building. Supposedly the city would then let ABC back in. The contractor told us that evacuation was not necessary, but the city's lawyers were afraid some kid might get injured and his parents sue. So by the time you read this, ABC might be still on the Lower East Side, out in Brooklyn, or gone; call (212 254-3697 or OPEC-SID to find out.

The Dutch band Teenage Warning is scheduled for June 11; check 'em out if you can. Mykel Board is trying to put on a homocore show on the 24th (Stonewall Weekend). ✓out my Cocksparrer revu. Correction: somebody dropped a digit: the Business show at the Grand is Aug. 13, not 3; 5 American oi! bands have been added to the bill.

WE BITE AMERICA P.O. BOX 10172 CHICAGO, IL 60610-0172
Distributed exclusively by Rotz Records. U.S. stores call toll free 1*800*72*NOISE (stores only). Canadian stores call (312)942-1710 or fax to (312)942-1806 (parlons francais).

SLAPSHOT
LIVE AT SO 36 CD/LP/CASS & VIDEO OUT NOW
ALSO AVAILABLE:

CAPITOL PUNISHMENT "MESSIAH COMPLEX" Jack hammer Punk/HardCore
MURPHY'S LAW "GOOD FOR NOW" In-your face, funny HC party Punk
VARIOUS ARTISTS "THE COLLECTION" A great Punk, HC, Metal comp.
TWO-BIT THIEF "GANGSTER REBEL BOP" Blue Collar Rock 'N' Roll
CRAWLPAPPY "DELUXE" Henry Rollins meets Helmet
SLAPSHOT "BLAST FURNACE" Blasting 'n' heavy Boston HC

Recorded during their summer '93 European tour. Featuring tracks from their last "Blast Furnace" album, plus unreleased material and old classics like 'Firewalker', 'Back On The Map' etc. Get the raw live energy of this Boston HC band.

For full mailorder catalogue send 4 loose 1st class stamps (world 4 IRCs) to: Rotz Records Mailorder 17 N. Elizabeth St. Chicago, IL 60607-1911

PARANOID

FANZINE

#5

P.O. BOX 184
BABYLON, NY
11702

Hello, loyal fans of our bi-monthly bullshit, welcome to **Paranoid #5**. Lots of stuff has been going on, so this will be brief and thorough.

First, the **Mind Over Matter** "Security" lp is finally out, so if you don't have it yet, get it. **Neglect**'s 5-song "End It" ep (on **We Bite Records**) should be out by the time you read this, too. And look for a **Loyal to None/Vision of Disorder** split tape as well as a **Silent Majority** cassette rather than a 7". Sadly, the **Berzerkers** have called it quits for good this time. One of Long Island's best hardcore bands will be missed.Yet it seems as if a **Nutjob** reunion will arise from those ashes, so we'll see what happens.**Section 8** (from L.I., not NYC) also broke up before they even got to play a real show. Oh well.

As far as places to play, Ray's basement is closed in that capacity for the time being, unfortunately.The Roxy has had some okay shows but i'm pretty sure everyone hates that place by now. There are still some nifty shows at the Right Track Inn, if you can ignore the high admi$$on price. The Spotlight, AKA the People With Aids Coalition (PWAC) center in good old Lindenhurst had an awesome turnout for its benefit show in early April. If all goes as planned, look for lots of shows w/touring bands to happen there this summer starting in July.

The Long Island Hardcore CD compilation, a joint effort between us and **Dirtbag Productions**, is coming along nicely and should be out before summer's end. Watch for shows to benefit its production, since we need everyones support for something like this.

Zillions of bands have been popping up on L.I. lately. Other than the ones mentioned herein, we'd like to mention and reccomend the checking out of: **Crown, Warped Weeble Wobbles, Under Seige, Pud, Girlymen, Sandpebbles, Brick** (with members of **V.O.D., Loyal to None,** and the **Weebles**), and **Earwig**. Probably more too, but I am much too tired to remember anymore, sorry...

Chicken Scratch

Here I am, the last day before I leave for tour, pressed for time with nothing to write about. I hate when this happens. I guess I'll just babble about some thoughts I have had lately.

A lot has changed since we started doing this zine a year and a half ago, the angle has closed, tons of new bands have sprung up and brought their entire high schools with them. There are so many new kids on the scene and I just keep getting older. That's right me, Mr. "I'll be young forever", has been feeling old. I used to say "Youth is just a state of mind", now I feel that being young is being free of responsibility, which I am not. Hardcore has changed my life in so many ways. It certainly ruined my parents game plan for me because it has, "put my future on hold." Maybe I do this in a last desperate attempt to be a teenager for a few more years. Maybe I do this because I love the music and the people in the scene are like a second family to me. I tend to agree with the latter. Yes, lately I 've noticed my tastes changing and becoming "more mature" and I don't dance as much as i used to, but thats because i hurt my neck real bad on tour. I still love a great show or a demo by a band with promise. I especially love to see bands get better. A lot of the crop of bands that exist now on L.I., including my own, sucked when they first started. But over the years you get better and alot of those bands have records out now and draw pretty decent crowds. Shit, I remember the first V.O.D. demo, those guys rule now. L.I. should be proud of what they have acheived, A hardcore scene that is free of labeled and typical bands. By labeled I mean that their is no separation between Straight Edge and non-edge and shit like that. It's about music, not who you were or what label your on. It's about music and friendship.

Both of which I will have my whole life. Hardcore has given me everything, my girlfriend, my friends, my bands, and a chance to put out records and tour the world. All this from a basically unrecognized sub-culture. So I'd like dedicate this article to all those still in the scene and over the age of 21. You are either a complete outcasted loser, or a sincere person who has found a home and family where they are accepted for who they are, or maybe both. To all you kids, someday you too will be become pretentious indie rockers who show off their hardcore tattoos and say "yeah, I used to be into that when I was younger."

Now few nasty comments:

1. If you grew up on LI then you are not a hood no matter how low your pants get or how low your IQ is. Lets not let the old days infiltrate our scene.
2. If you are in a band and send us a demo, please do not send us a bio that ends "currently seeking a record deal." It's lame and you won't be mentioned in this zine.
3. Long Island bands rule!

♥ex

The dissonant accost...

a zine that can be read at breakfast
(froot loops optional...)
send 2 stamps, or contributions or trade to:
lakisha · 328 greene avenue · brooklyn, ny
11238

STAR WARS
boxer shorts

Just when you thought the Force had leaked out your droors, *Lee Majors* socks it to the Dark Side with ass kickin', Jawa droppin', At-At stompin' Star Wars boxer shorts. Fortifed with the Force, they're made with recycled material (you probably used to sleep on them) and they're only $12 pre-paid to:

lee majors
P.O. Box 2293
Seattle, WA. 98111

Please specify big or bigger size when ordering. Send S.A.S.E. for current list of other styles.

PARANOID'S

MUSIC REVIEWS

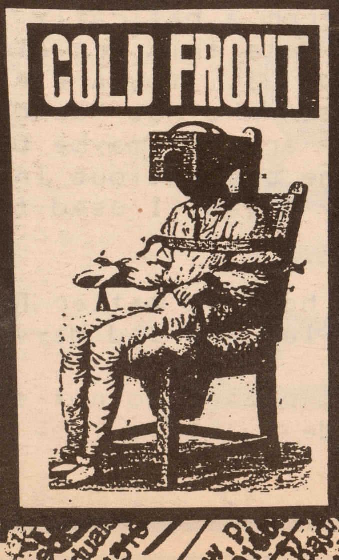
(THAT NO ONE CARES ABOUT BUT US)

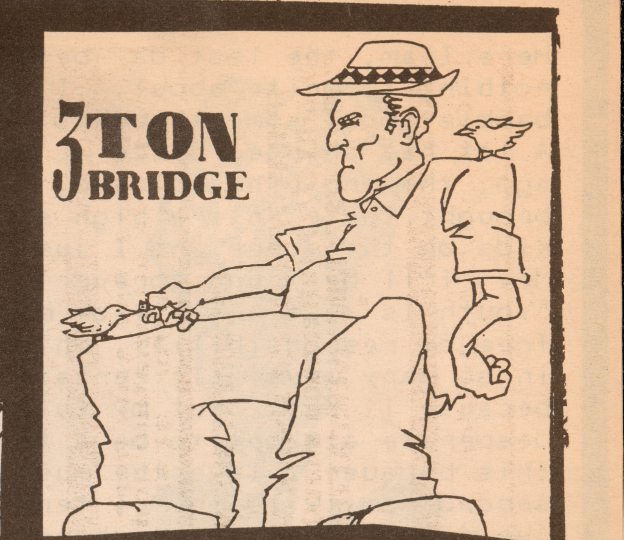
OUR REVIEWING POLICY IS PRETTY SIMPLE. WE USUALLY ONLY REVIEW STUFF FROM THE LONG ISLAND/NYC AREA, AND SOMETIMES NEW JERSEY OR CONNECTICUT. WE ALSO REVIEW ANYTHING THAT IS SENT TO US EXPRESSLY FOR THAT PURPOSE, NO MATTER WHERE IT'S FROM. JUST KEEP IN MIND THAT THIS IS A HARDCORE ZINE, AND DEALS WITH STUFF WITHIN OR CONNECTED TO PUNK AND HC MUSIC ; CHEESY METAL BANDS THAT RIP OFF BIOHAZARD AS WELL AS GOD AWFUL LA LA LA SELF STYLED ALTERNATIVE BANDS, PLEASE STAY AWAY.

JODY CRUTCH-DEMO: A FOUR SONG TAPE FROM ANOTHER NEW LONG ISLAND BAND. UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT TOO EXCITED BY THIS. SLOW, SLOW MUSIC AND WHINY VOCALS MAKE THIS SOUND LIKE LIFETIME ON QUAALUDES. THERE JUST ISN'T ALOT OF ENERGY HERE TO HOLD MY ATTENTION. MAYBE FUTURE STUFF WILL BE MORE UP TO PAR. JODY CRUTCH/144 BRIXTON RD./GARDEN CITY,NY/11530

FOUNTAINHEAD -"DRAIN": THIS BAND FROM LONG ISLAND + NYC BROKE UP ABOUT A YEAR AGO, AND THIS LP HAS FINALLY BEEN RELEASED. THIS IS ONE OF THE BEST RECORDS I'VE GOTTEN LATELY. EVERYTHING ABOUT IT IS AWESOME. SOULFULL, EMO-HARDCORE MUSIC WITH SUPRISINGLY OUTSTANDING LYRICS OF A UNIQUELY INTROSPECTIVE NATURE. THE LYRICS TOTALLY RULE!! THE COVER ART IS ALSO AN ASSET TO THIS LONG AWAITED LP. IT SHOULD BE NOTED THAT SINCE FOUNTAINHEAD'S DEMISE, GUITARIST CHRIS NOW PLAYS IN ORANGE 9MM. PEOPLE INTO QUICKSAND AND/OR LIFETIME WILL CHERISH THIS RECORD.DOGHOUSE RECORDS/P.O. BOX 8946/TOLEDO,OH/43623

TIME ALONE-DEMO: A LOT OF POTENTIAL IS OBVIOUS HERE. THERE ARE SIX SONGS, ALL OF THEM FAST PACED PUNK SOUNDING REMARKABLY LIKE BAD RELIGION AND VOCALLY NOT TOO FAR AWAY FROM COMMON GROUND. MUSICALLY FUN AND UPBEAT, WITH TIME THIS BAND WILL GROW IN TALENT, ENERGY, AND POPULARITY. THEY DO A GORILLA BISCUITS COVER LIVE, WHICH IS REMINISCIENT OF COMMON GROUND'S BOLD AND OPIV COVERS. I CAN ACTUALLY SEE THESE GUYS FILLING THE LATE CG'S SHOES, PERHAPS. REGARDLESS, I RECCOMEND ACCQUIRING THIS DEMO.TIME ALONE/PO BOX 983/E. NORTHPORT, NY/11731





THREE TON BRIDGE-DEMO : THIS HAS FOUR SONGS THAT 3TB RECORDED FROM A LIVE SET ON WNYU.GOOD, YOUNG, MELODIC PUNK ROCK IN VEIN OF JAWBREAKER OR GARDEN VARIETY. THIS IS A REFRESHING CHANGE FOR LONG ISLAND, SO CHECK THIS OUT:3TB 812 GLEN COVE AVE./GLEN HEAD, NY/11545

GENERIC-DEMO: LONG ISLAND'S "SPACE ROBOT" KIDS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BAND. THIS TAPE HAS SIX NOISY PUNK SONGS WITH A CRUSTY SORT OF APPEAL TO THEM. I LIKE THIS AND ALSO HEARD THAT THEY'RE GOOD LIVE TOO. ONCE AGAIN, A NEW BAND FROM L.I. WITH SOMETHING DIFFERENT TO OFFER. LOOK FOR THEM TO BE PLAYING AROUND HOPEFULLY.KEITH/69 DERBY AVE./GREENLAWN, NY/11740

SHEER TERROR:"OLD, NEW, BORROWED,+BLUE"EP: I HAVE MIXED FEELINGS ABOUT THIS NEW RELEASE FROM ONE OF THE OLDEST NY BANDS STILL PLAYING."WALLS" FROM THEIR FIRST AND NOW LEGENDARY LP "JUST CAN'T HATE ENOUGH" APPEARS HERE, AS WELL AS TWO NEW SONGS AND A NEIL DIAMOND(?) COVER. THE RECORDING AND PRODUCTION ARE DONE VERY WELL, AND PAUL'S LYRICS ARE AS MISERABLY SARCASTIC AS EVER. BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I CAN HANDLE THE TYPE-O-NEGATIVE STYLE KEYBOARDS ON THE LAST SONG. IT'S NOT TOO BAD, BUT AFTER TEN YEARS OF GROWLING HARDCORE IT'S A TAD LATE FOR GOTH ROCK. OF COURSE, LONGTIME SHEER TERROR FANS LIKE ME WILL BUY THIS NO MATTER WHAT, SO, WHO CARES.:BLACKOUT RECORDS/P.O BOX 1575/NY,NY 10009

108-"SONGS OF SEPARATION"LP: NEW FROM NEW YORK'S KRISHNA QUINTET, THIS RECORD IS NOTICEABLY DIFFERENT THAN THEIR FIRST RELEASE. FIRST, IT'S A LOT LONGER, AND ROB (ALSO IN RESSURECTION) NOW ON LEAD VOCALS ADDS A LOT MORE POWER TO THEIR SONGS, EVEN THOUGH THE SONGS CAN SOMETIMES BECOME QUITE HEAVY METALISH. FOR EXAMPLE, A FEW GUITAR SOLOS TOO MANY. WELL WRITTEN LYRICS DEAL WITH HARE KRISHNA SPIRITUALITY BUT ARE STILL RELEVANT EVEN IF YOUR NOT INTERESTED IN RELIGION. THIS IS A PRETTY DECENT HARDCORE RECORD WHICH I RECCOMEND.EQUAL VISION RECORDS/11 W. 24TH ST 6TH FLOOR REAR/NY,NY/10011-1912

WHAT WE LIKE...

CHICKENHEAD

1. STANDOFF: "FURY SESSIONS"
2. RIDE: "GOING BLANK AGAIN"
3. FRETBLANKET: "JUNKFUEL"
4. SECTION 8: demo
5. CRANES: "FOREVER"
6. RESSURECTION: "I REFUSE"
7. GARDEN VARIETY: album
8. RUSH: all
9. SUPERCHUNK: "FOOLISH"
10. 700 MILES: "DIRTBOMB"

LITTLE RT

1. MINDOVERMATTER: "SECURITY"
2. SNAPCASE: "LOOKINGLASSELF"
3. 108: "SONGS OF SEPARATION"
4. BRATMOBILE: all + live
5. TAD: all
6. SMITHS: all
7. LINCOLN: all
8. METALLICA: "RIDE THE LIGHTNING"
9. ANGEL HAIR: live
10. GENERATION OF VIPERS: demo

COLD FRONT demo: Ordinarily I would say this band has potential, but since they're circulating this old demo I'm not too impressed. Music and lyrics stuck in 88-89 NYHC mode, which is pointless to do over again. A little "variation on a theme" wouldn't hurt this group since they don't totally suck, but minus points for a song called "Don't Play Me," which should actually be the name of this tape (haha). May be worth checking out live, though. COLD FRONT/ P.O. BOX 564266/ COLLEGE POINT,NY/ 11356

Spatafora demo- Let me start by telling you that this demo is probably some of the worst quality I have ever heard. This is probably one of those demos that will not get heard by many. The reason I am reviewing it is because they are from LI and have a lot of potential. The songs are interesting and there is a whole shit-load of energy. These guys just need some shows and a few months under their belt and they will be great. Check them out live if they ever play around.

NEGLECT "END IT" EP: "When I snap, you'll all die!" That's my prediction for the next Neglect live singalongathon. That song, "The State of My Mind," is the newest track on this 5-song item,new from one of L.I.'s most popular bands. Their songwriting has gotten even better since their 7", with crunchier fast/slow guitar parts good for snap kicks. This is pretty long, too... 5 songs=27 minutes! Lyrics remind me of the NIHILISTICS, dealing with self hate and suicide with undertones of wit and sarcasm. Brian's vocal range has improved, making his growls and screams that much more unnerving. Listen closely, there's lots of subliminal ranting as well. Recording quality is on par with SLAYER. Highly reccomended. WE BITE AMERICA RECORDS

TRANSITION LP: If I saw these guys live I might appreciate them more. Still, this is okay, like sort of a cleaned up, higher tuned HELMET withan excellent vocalist. The words are very clear and audible even though I can't figure out what they mean,and the drums are especially intense. Unfortunately, the whole thing's not too memorable for me. Check it out if you like other stuff on SST RECORDS.

Section 8 demo- This is not the Section 8 from LI, rather these guys are from Queens. This is by far the best demo we received for this issue. It has all the elements of a great demo, tight playing, great packaging, and a lot of promise. They remind me a lot of Standoff. Intricate music with sort of older school vocals. This is really powerful stuff. I can't wait to hear their next offering. Write: 80-35 87th Ave/ Woodhaven, Ny 11421

GLEE tape: One song here called "Coupons and Food Stamps." Sounds like mediocre alternative non sense. It's poorly recorded and demonstrative of virtually no effort at all. Sorry, try again. And I lost the address too.

UPCOMING SHOWS AT THE P.W.A.C. (ROUTE 109 IN LINDENHURST)
***** JULY 1994 *****
FRIDAY 7/1 (benefit show): NEGLECT, BERZERKERS (final show), LOYAL TO NONE, +1 more
SUNDAY 7/17 (afternoon show): BAD TRIP, STILL LIFE, CLOCKWISE, ORDINATION OF AARON (MI.)
FRIDAY 7/22: MINDOVERMATTER, CHOKEHOLD (Canada), BLOODLET (Canada), SILENT MAJORITY
***** more to be announced! *****

Thank you's to Brian Meehan and Rich Black. See ya'll in two...

ROACHCLIP

Hi, and welcome to the first edition of Roachclip, a zine about absolutely nothing. What we have here is just a bunch of shit about anything my staff wants to write about. I would like to thank my staff for their columns and especially Rich from UTV for letting me have my own section. How long Roachclip will last no one knows, but for now we have a few good articles on the rainforest, kissing the bottle, and some beer reviews. I hope you enjoy this bullshit and get either a kick out of it or pissed off; either way I'm happy it affected you. If anyone is interested in writing for us send in your stuff to UTV c/o Roachclip and the cute Rich Black will get it to me. (Please no articles on being straight edge, we want good drunk stories). Also, if anyone has any good recipes for brewing beer or cider send them to us, we like home brew. "Hope you get drunk off this." Oh yeah, if anyone has info on and/or parts on Vespas, right now I am restoring a 1977 150SP. Thanks —Spag

Stout, Ale, Cider, and Mushroom Reviews

by Brent

Faro Perto Ale (Lembeek, Belgium)
"100% spontaneously fermented beer aged for two years in oak casks, blended with tip fermented wheat beer." Dark burgundy in color. It possesses a slight fruit sweetness. Serves as a fine complement to a filet mignion dinner.

Paulaner Hefe-Weizen (München, Germany)
Light, cloudy in color. Slightly sour undertones. I guess these guys are partly responsible for the legendary Oktoberfest in Munich. I think I might have to investigate next year.

Woodchuck Draft Cider, Dark and Dry (?, Vermont)
With all due respect to the almighty Woodpecker, it's nice to see some American ciders available in New York. Unlike its sister cider Woodchuck Amber, Dark and Dry is not too sweet. It is a fine addition to your favorite ale in a Snakebite, and at a 5% alcohol, it stands strong alone.

Otter Creek Fine Ales (Middlebury, Vermont)
Not widely distributed outside of VT as of yet, Copper Ale is their flagship brew. Beautiful in color and taste, brewing as an art is exemplified by this ale.Stove Pipe Porter, Summer Wheat, and Hickory Switch Stout are seasonal and amazing! Forget maple syrup and cheddar, bring O.C. back home from Killington. Oh yeah, bring me some also. Thanks.

Guiness Extra Stout (Dublin, Ireland)
This is **not** a review! No 24 year old punk has the right to pass judgement on the godfather of beverages. To quote the label "Robust, mellow, and satisfying." On the never-ending quest for the perfect Guiness I have made certain observations: 1). Tap Guiness is much smoother. 2). New pressurized cans are better than the bottle. 3). If poured incorrectly, taste is altered (head should **not** have large bubbles). 4). Should not be served more than a few degrees below room temp. 5). European Guiness is better. 6). Croxley's Ales (in Franklin Square) has the best pints of Guiness on Long Island!

George Killian's Irish Red
Sucks, this shit is made by Coors. A cheap attempt to infiltrate the micro brewing segment of the market.

Skinhead Stout (Island Park, New York)
Made by the Rude Brewers in Island Park, this goes good with a shot of cheap whiskey and some schwag Bud.

Boomers
Look for blue mold-like coloration on stems and under caps. Eat until satiated. Enjoy.

Top Ten Hate List

1) Having no herb
2) Non-drunks
3) Morrissey
4) Anything on MTV
5) Major labels signing punk bands
6) The word "alternative"
7) Cops, authority, government
8) Day job
9) When the deli across from CBGB's runs out of Woodpecker
10) White trash crackers into techno, hip hop, hardcore, skating and snowboarding that are actually from rich towns

Kissin' Da Bottle

by Ruben

I'd like to start this off by thanking Spag, a person I met along the way who helped me out when I was younger on my road to corruption through punk rock, skateboards and booze. He's giving me the opportunity to reach thousands of people who wouldn't normally get the chance to hate me. I was originally supposed to write tales of my past experience with the bottle because of the trouble it has gotten me into and the experiences I've had while drunk can be humorous at times (at least he thinks so, he's seen enough of it firsthand), but that will have to be saved for another time, because tonight I am dedicating my half-assed efforts to different subjects and different alcohol-related topics.

I don't know where this article is going to lead, but one of the first topics I would like to touch upon would be something is something I've been wanting to write about for a while, so I figure I'll just take care of this first. The topic is straight edge, and while what I'm about to do (bitch and complain) is exactly the aspect of straight edge I hate most, this article was inevitable. I'm not one of those people who disagrees with straight edge because "I drink and they don't." I'm not an idiot. What I disagree with is the attitude. I have friends that are straight edge and aren't militant about it and I respect their practices. Believe me, sometimes I wish I didn't drink myself. I mean, what's the big deal? They don't drink, so what? But what I have a problem with is these 16 year old maniacs wearing Youth Of Today T-shirts looking down at me because I am a drunk. They think that because of the X on the back of their hand they have a license to try an govern my life. If I really thought it would be best for me to quit I would give it a try, but I don't need 400 stupid, poorly-written fanzines telling me how wrong I am. I can't think of anything more condescending than a group constantly shouting at you that you are wrong, and you accepting it. For Christ's sake, I have a brain, and I can think for myself. I don't go around yelling "If you don't drink beer you suck!" I could care less what other people do – what I **do** give a shit about is when other people's ridiculous practices affect me. I understand that I am generalizing and I really don't like doing that, but I'm going to have to. By all dressing and acting alike and listening to the same music, it kills a lot of their credibility. It basically shows that many people into straight edge can't think for themselves. If you don't want to drink, just don't. It's a better alternative than affiliating yourself with these chest thumpin' crusaders for sobriety. I mean, if you need the influence of a group to form your ideals, then you're lucky you didn't run into more nazi skinheads or suburban gangstas in your travels. People have seriously got to chill the fuck out because they are creating more divisions in a scene that can't afford it.

ECOVIEW

by Lenny Lampel

Saving the Temperate Rainforests

*By now we are all familiar with the slogan "save the rainforest," but more people do not know that a form of rainforest exists right here in the U.S. In fact, our rainforest, just like the tropical rainforest, is in some serious need of saving. The temperate rainforest lies right in the backyard of Seattle, Washington. I will bet that half of you gr*nge rock kids weren't even aware of that. Actually, the temperate rainforests range along a narrow coastal band that runs from the Olympia peninsula in Washington state north to British Columbia and up to southeast Alaska. These are the world's most productive rainforests, and although the tropical rainforests contain a much greater variety of wildlife, the temperate rainforests contain more than twice as much plant matter. They are also home to the oldest and greatest trees on earth. Some of these trees grow to more than 35 around the base. Many of the region's threatened and endangered fish and wildlife live within these forests.*

Although some people would rather see these forests turned into a bunch of paper products, there are some important reasons why they should be protected instead. One is that huge quantities of carbon dioxide is stored within the forests' tree trunks and soil layers. If these trees are cut down, the carbon dioxide will be released directly into the atmosphere. The level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is already high and is constantly growing, due to the large amounts of deforestation taking place, and our constant burning of fossil fuels such as coal and oil. Secondly, the pine trees within these forests store a large amount of moisture within their many needles. This moisture is then released over a period of several months. This is very important to the are's water supply during summer droughts. It also helps in maintaining good soil quality and water quality in rivers and streams. This in turn protects salmon spawning areas and habitats for fish and amphibians. Temperate rainforests also play a big role in the region's economy. In addition to their timber, these forests hold other valuable resources such as fish and mushrooms, as well as the highly increasing tourism potential.

Up to now there has not been much protection for these forests. Instead, the timber industry is having a field day on the last remaining temperate rainforests of North America. Only a small fraction of what once was now remains. Within the U.S., there is only one are bigger than 30,000 acres that has yet to be logged. In southeast Alaska, logging is occurring at the rate of 18,000 acres a year. The controversial Northern Spotted Owl is just one of many species of wildlife threatened because of logging within these forests. What's happening here is similar to what's happening to the tropical rainforests, except that the temperate rainforests occupy a smaller are, which makes them much more vulnerable to extensive logging.

All hope is not lost, however. Conservation efforts are now underway to protect these threatened forests. It will take a lot of time, money, and effort though, to prove that the temperate rainforests are worth more standing than they are cut down. For more information, you can write to: ***The World Wildlife Fund, 1250 24th St. NW, Washington, DC 20037.*** *Keep in mind that once these last areas of temperate rainforests are destroyed, they are gone forever.*

*Ever wonder who sniffs the armpit of a test subject to make sure your deodorant has staying power? And how about douches? Who makes sure they're effective? Who picks up the doggie doo in the park -- and what do they do with it afterwards? Did the bartender actually clean your seemily fresh beer mug, or just rinse it behind the bar in a tub filled with the backwash of strangers? In a new feature, **Under the Volcano** pays tribute to those who are still making a buck despite America's sputtering economy (or the confines of good taste). Yeah, it's a dirty job...*

"...But Someone's Gotta Do It"

by Rich

Under the Volcano: What's your name and what do you do?

Tom: My name is Tom, and I manage an adult video store, the Pleasuredome in St. James.

UTV: What brought you to this occupation?

Tom: Job situation... Friend of a friend needed an opportunity to run a store.

UTV: Were you always interested in adult films?

Tom: Oh yeah – since a small child.

UTV: Seriously?

Tom: Seriously.

UTV: How old were you when you saw your first adult film?

Tom: I was fourteen.

UTV: Fourteen? And who did you see it with?

Tom: My older brothers and a couple girls.

UTV: Have you ever considered being in an adult film?

Tom: Oh yeah...

UTV: Have you ever been asked?

Tom: No.

UTV: What kind of people patronize your store?

Tom: Mostly males between the ages of say, twenty to forty. Frequent couples also.

UTV: Are people looking for very strange things? Is it just something to get turned on? What's the purpose it serves as far as you're concerned?

Tom: Most of 'em just watch the films fast forward to see the different women... Very few look at 'em through out the length.

UTV: What kind of films do you sell? Like, you don't sell beastiality films and stuff like that...

Tom: No, we sell films that are all within the law.

UTV: Is it heterosexual porno? Do you sell gay porno as well?

Tom: Also, yes. Mostly, it's renting, but there are sales scattered about.

UTV: Does one type of porno sell better than the others? What's your most popular rental right now?

Tom: Well, "amateurs" have taken quite a bit of rental sales.

UTV: What do you feel makes amateur films different from the more produced films?

Tom: The amateurs are more realistic in that there's people generally with a camera in somebody's house with no qualms...

UTV: And the amateurs tend to have no story line, correct?

Tom: Correct. The difference between amateurs and professionals is that amateurs don't get paid; professionals do. As in all sports.

UTV: What was the weirdest customer you've ever had?

Tom: Ummm, that's a tough one; I've had a lot of weird ones. Let's see, a guy wanted to know if we had videos of women wearing dildos screwing men... Most of 'em are the ones that want something illegal, which we don't deal with.

UTV: Because this is a very gray area, can you tell me about the legalities? You have to proof people, for instance. Can you tell me a little bit about that?

Tom: Proofing people?

UTV: Yeah, is [the legal age] twenty one, is it eighteen...

Tom: Well, state law says eighteen, but to cover our ass, we proof for twenty one to stay within the law. We don't sell any films dealing with... intercourse with bondage, any films showing waste products being produced on people...

UTV: Is American pornography different from European pornography?

Tom: The German pornography seems to be more bondage and intercourse involved, and the Americans don't approve of that. With the Americans, there is more a use of condoms... Hold on a second, I'm watching a dirty movie now... Oooh, she's getting smacked on the ass...

UTV: There are actually films [where actors] are using condoms?

Tom: Yeah.

UTV: You were saying that Germans seem to like bondage with intercourse. That's how the law is, you're not allowed to have [intercourse with] someone tied up?

Tom: Yeah.

UTV: Do you have films that don't include intercourse that just have bondage in them?

Tom: Yes. And spanking, and downgrading. There are films out there, all within the law – make sure you put that down. You can mention the place – free publicity. Put it in there.

UTV: Yeah, you just might want to clear that with your boss to make sure it's okay too, though. The last thing you need is a bunch of born again Christians standing outside.

Tom: Well, if they read your magazine I don't think they are.

UTV: The porno industry, I would tend to think, is more a male-dominated industry in that it's basically "for" men. Is that what you see?

Tom: Basically, yes. From the latest report, one out of four women watch pornography now.

UTV: Any differences in what men and women rent?

Tom: The women tend to stick with story lines, movie plots, and things of that nature. Men usually go for the fantasy type, where it's just strictly sex. Hardcore, as the case may be.

UTV: Does being surrounded by sexually explicit material all the time make sex seem more clinical? Does it kill the mystique of sex for you?

Tom: For me personally? No. I'm an over sexed person anyway. Actually, it's more of a therapy for me, as we like to say in the neighborhood.

UTV: You were saying you've seen condoms in videos. Is there actually an AIDs awareness? Are there kind of public service announcements at the beginning of some rentals maybe, or...

Tom: Not so much with safe sex. There's more about censorship than there is about safe sex. They're much bigger with that.

UTV: Do you see an AIDs awareness with your patrons?

Tom: No... Very few.

UTV: Have you ever been propositioned or interrupted patrons engaging in sexual acts on the premises?

Tom: I've been propositioned, and no, I've never seen any sexual acts... But I'm looking forward to that day.

UTV: What was the proposition like?

Tom: I had two young ladies who wanted to know if I knew anybody looking to make it with the two young ladies at the same time.

UTV: Oh yeah... One looked like Whoopi Goldberg, right?

Tom: Yeah... My wife told me "No," so...

UTV: Who is your favorite star?

Tom: Aaah... Krista. Just Krista. She started out in amateurs and went to full-length features.

UTV: What is it that she does that you like?

Tom: She's just... cute.

UTV: The other day when I was there I saw you calling somebody about an overdue video and you got the guy's wife on the phone. I noticed you were very discreet about it, which I thought was really interesting. Do you have problems with guy's wives finding out that they're renting videos?

Tom: We had one incident where a gentlemen made a purchase of a few items on his charge card and the wife called us up to find out what items were charged, so we just explained to her that for any of that information she would have to deal with him unless we hear from him. Otherwise, we cannot tell her.

UTV: Did you hear about the debris from that?

Tom: For a little while she would call, then it died down quite a bit. We finally got through to her that if she wants any information she has to ask him. So I gathered he was buying something he shouldn't have.

UTV: Aside from renting videos you also sell a variety of marital aids. What do some of those include?

Tom: Vibrators... blow up dolls. Bachelor party, bachelorette party items.

UTV: What kind of person buys a blow up doll?

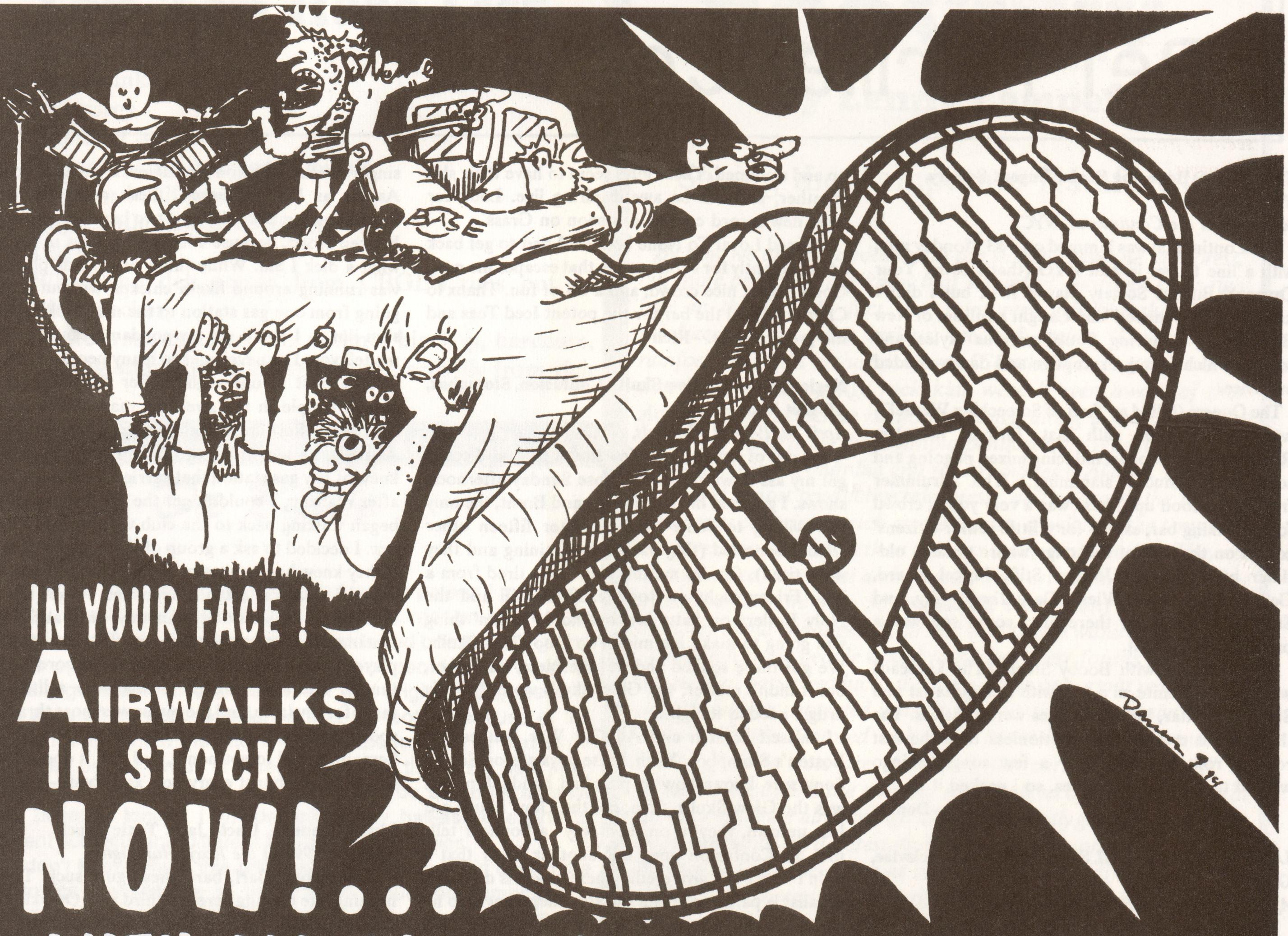
Tom: Generally they say it's for a bachelor party.

UTV: Do you believe 'em?

Tom: Half the time. It depends on what they look like. We [also] sell some items that look quite authentic for the women... I sold an item that has the woman's bottom half in a rubber set to a gentlemen saying it was for a bachelor party. I didn't believe him though.

UTV: Is there anything about this job that has enriched your life, or could enrich the lives of others?

Tom: I think the sexual toys can help marriages that are stale. Not to do with my own personally – I have a fabulous wife and all – but I think for marriages that have problems, I think this could definitely help liven things up a little bit. ■



IN YOUR FACE !

AIRWALKS

IN STOCK

NOW!...

WITH ALL THE OTHER STUFF WE CARRY.

HI-FI, SUCKER, BASE BROOKLYN, SILLY BOY, MAD CIRCLE, 666, STEP, GOUGE, UGP,
CURIOUS GEORGE, SPLIFF TRIBE, BILLYTOONS, NEW DEAL, STD, AND MORE
T-SHIRTS, HATS, STICKERS, TYEDYES, PANTS, DECKS, OTHER THINGS

10% OFF WITH THIS AD. GOOD UNTIL JULY 31

THE CHOP SHOP

CHEEZY NO GOOD CATOLOG
SEND $2 TO FAT GUY 4EYES
BURN OUT BALDY
AT 219 FRANKLIN AVE.
FRANKLIN SQ. N.Y. 11010

OR STOP BY STORE HOURS MON. - FRI. 1-9 SAT. 1-6 SUN. ?

CUSTOM SILK SCREENING FOR BANDS OR WHATEVER BY BASE BROOKLYN
BACKDROPS AND OTHER ART STUFF FOR WHATEVER OTHER REASON BY OUTRLIMITS
FOR MORE INFO CALL US AT 516-354-0606

Performances

The Queers, Bouncing Souls, Bugout Society, Times Square

March 29 at the Continental, NYC

The Continental was jammed on a $3 Monday nite, with a line to get in and BYO (that's Bring Your Oxygen). Bugout Society played first, but i didn't know, and thus missed 'em. Caught a full set of New Brunswick's Bouncing Souls' various styles and tempos which found a receptive and dance-minded audience.

The Queers (billed as "half of Screeching Weasel") went on at 11:03 with fast, furious, non-stop Ramones-tempo songs, inducing mixed pogoing and some-but-not-much slamming. The drummer frequently stood up. There was a very young crowd for a drinking bar, except for a little senior citizens' corner on the side of the stage where notable old-timer punx such as Johnny Stiff, Mykel Board, George Tabb, Scott Wiess, Gary *Tse-Tse Fly*, and Stuart Gecko. From there all i could see was a packed mob upfront.

Times Square, with Booby Steele (The Undead) went on at midnite as a trio with a ♀ guitarist and Steele on guitar, but all charges were bassless. The thinned out crowd stood motionless thru the fast rock n' roll; lots left after a few songs. Shingo wanted to go after 7 minutes, so i packed it in.

–Donny

Loyal To None, Big Sniff, Silent Majority, Clockwise, Generic

April 3, 1994 at the Roxy, Huntington

I got the Roxy and a Sunday greeted by a large turnout (over a hundred kids) for this show. The first band I saw was Generic, who were kinda sloppy and noisy. I heard it was their first or second show, so things could only get better. The singer often looked dazed and kept his back to the audience much of the time. Interesting to watch, if mainly for the ineptness.

Clockwise just blew me the fuck away. Melodic, harsh, solid, anything but generic. Frontman General George was fun to watch, rolling around on the stage and jumping in time to songs. Some really nice guitar rhythms courtesy of a guy named Ed (there was another guitarist, but I didn't catch his name). I also noticed one of the guys from Silent Majority was playing bass. Tight kinetic, and melodic – what more could you ask for?

Silent Majority was up next, and someone filling in filling on the skins. Their set was short and sweet. I especially liked the song "Silent Majority," and would like to hear more.

Big Sniff was fuckin' awesome. Singer Marc was in a hockey style uniform, and all over the place. Big Sniff only played about six songs (about 20 minutes), including "That's It" from the Mint Tone 7" and a new number, "Chisel." I hear that Marc was having his balls busted all day by some Roxy personnel for some reason or another, so he wasn't too happy. Still, the show went on, and the crowd got hopped up and slammed. These guys seem to have their shit together, and can be awe-inspiring live. Look for their new record coming out soon on Grass.

I missed Loyal To None because I had to get back home urgently for some reason that escapes me now. Good bands, nice crowd, and a lot of fun. Thanx to Charlie behind the bar for the potent Iced Teas and the great service. **–Rich**

Neglect, Voo Doo Glow Skulls, Confusion, Stompbox, All Out War, Scratch

April 10, 1994 at Wetlands, NYC

I got out of my day job a few hours early so I could get my ass down to one of those Sunday afternoon shows. I grabbed my pals Carlos and Brent, the only two willing to come with me after fifteen other friends canceled (they said it was raining and they were tired). Oh, let me tell you, I was tired from a long Friday night at Rocksteady Station and the Holy Rollers on Saturday, but not a fuckin' thing was going to make me miss Voo Doo Glow Skulls. We got there soaked and wet, herbless, and sober, but it didn't matter; the Glow Skulls were the only drug I needed tonight.

I missed Scratch and All Out War, but caught Boston's Stompbox. Yeah, these guys are on Sony – Sony sure knows how to pick bad bands. Up next was the Glow Skulls..."No, no, the Glow Skulls are lost uptown, they're on their way" a bouncer tells me. So Confusion goes on, another band that I didn't like, but I give credit where credit is due. The vocalist is paralyzed from the shoulders down, so he stands on crutches while telling the crowd to kill each other. That takes a bigger set of nuts then a man with elephantitis.

So Voo Doo Glow Skulls show up, and I'm as happy as a pig in shit. The sax player Joey comes over and roasts up with us while the rest of the band sets up. God! The power, the energy, the band is *so* tight. But where was everyone? About fifteen people were there for Glow Skulls, and seven of them were in the band. I guess everyone was waiting to show up for Neglect, who was headlining. So anyway, the Glow Skulls played a lot off of their new Dr. Strange LP *Who Is, This Is?* including "Ugly Stick," "Insubordination," and "Dog Pile." After their amazing set, I dropped to the floor.... My legs gave in. I turned to look back and notice that only I, Brent, and one other guy were dancing. What the fuck? You lose. I could only guess more people had to be dancing for Neglect while we were at St. Mark's Pizza. **–Spag**

Unleashed, Broken Hope, Pyrexia, Internal Bleeding, Necrosis, Demented Ted

April 15, 1994 at the Roxy, Huntington

Well, I missed Demented Ted and Necrosis. However, when I arrived Internal Bleeding had just hit the stage, and as usual they proved they're one of the best death metal bands around, thanks to their many crunchy mosh parts, tight musicianship and singer Wallace Milton's trademark guttural vocals. As far as I'm concerned, these guys should be headlining. I missed the next two bands, Pyrexia and Broken Hope, because I locked my keys in my car; what a dick I am. While those two bands played, I was running around like a chicken without a head going from one gas station to the next looking for a slim jim so I could get my goddamn car open. Let me tell you, I've never met so many people from the Middle East in one night! After encountering an elderly couple in the streets, I managed to grab a hold of a slim jim (hallelujah) from the old fella. Actually, he lent it to me, after I asked him if he knew of any gas station that carried the jimmy. Well, after realizing I couldn't get the job done myself, I began walking back to the club with my head hung low. I decided to ask a group of three guys and a girl if they knew how to master the slim jim process, and the girl, Marika, actually managed to get my car door open. Major woody. Anyway, once at the club I managed to catch the last act, Unleashed. They played an older style death metal which bordered on thrash. The lead singer's growls were a little too raspy for my taste, and the music was more thrashing speed than having hooks, but who cares? I had my keys, managed to get home, and yes, it doesn't hurt to act a little burnt every now and then. **–Alex**

Muzza Chunka, Uncle Jack, Toxic Shock

April 21, 1994 at the Roxy, Huntington

Toxic Shock: Barf, barf, these guys suck. There's nothing like coming across a third rate Overkill. The vocalist sounded like he was choking on a frog. The guitar chords were cheesy, rehashed mid '80s thrash stuff. Hold on, I must now barf.

Uncle Jack: These guys are pretty good. Very moshy, lots of cool guitar riffs and harmonics, with a vocalist that has a powerful range. Reminded md of a cross between Pantera and Soundgarden. Overall, a solid band who can pack a crunch!

Muzza Chunka: "So these guys are on Arista" I said to myself before they hit the stage. Yes folks, I was bracing myself for the worst. Well...Muzza Chunka did a killer job at dishing out what I can best describe as funky hardcore. Muscular guitar parts blended well with thick bass and tight percussion. The group's vocalist also did a great job at pounding down beers on stage and making scary faces. He was very amusing. Imagine the aggressive moshiness of Biohazard colliding with the funk of the Chili Peppers. I was kind of drunk, so I can't recall song titles (shame, shame). Anyway, Uncle Jack and Muzza Chunka put on strong sets, but as for Toxic Shock "Where's my Maalox?!" **–Alex**

Stabbing Westward, Pitchshifter

April 21, 1994 at CBGB's, NYC

I had to leave early from Energy Record's debut of Larva and head downtown to catch Pitchshifter in time. With 2 screens of mult-media footage on stage, Pitchshifter took control. They were loud, fast and heavy, playing their better than Ministry type of aggression. The singer in between songs kept talking about now-dead President Richard Nixon. He felt compelled to remind everyone that "Nixon is in a coma." At one point, one of the screens had the first Martin Scorsese film, *The Shave* which is always amazing to watch. Anyway, I'm not too familiar with their stuff but after seeing Pitchshifter live, they definitely won over a new fan!

Next was Stabbing Westward. I have heard their album and the song that is overplayed on the radio, so I already knew what I was in for. The place was starting to get more packed, not only with kids, but also with Sony personnel looking over almost like Big Brother. I even saw good ole Lewis Largent (ex-MTV *120 Minutes*) walking around. Anyway, this is what I think of Stabbing Westward as a whole: Ready? Well, picture what would happen if Trent Reznor had sex with Mike Edwards of Jesus Jones, begetting a child who eventually joined EMF as frontman and got signed to Columbia/Sony. To further justify my statement: the singer wishes he was Trent, the band looks like Jesus Jones and act a lot like EMF. On top of all of that crap, they are on Sony! As far as I'm concerned, they lose all creditability for trying to be angry. Stabbing Westward songs have anthem-like choruses chanted by these pissed off pretty boys that probably don't have a rebellious bone in their bodies. Ahh, fuck them and fuck Sony! I had to get out of there for some St. Marks Pizza. Hey Spag, I GOT PLAIN SLICES!!!! **–Mike B.**

One Groovy Coconut

April 15, 1994, at New York Avenue, Huntington

These guys get dissed a lot by the Long Island underground community but I think they are pretty cool. They sound like a cross between The Beatles, Lenny Kravitz, Jellyfish, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Mr. Bungle. They rocked the house at New York Avenue. O.G.C. played my favorite song, "Kickstart The Time Machine." The only bad thing I can say about them is that they all dress like '70s rejects – I hate bellbottoms and O.G.C. has them kickin' in full effect.

I especially dislike the singer's look; he could have been the winner of an Urge Overkill lookalike contest. Then again, image does not matter and songs do. O.G.C. writes damn good songs, short and catchy, just how I like them. If you want to check out a happy-sounding band without a trace of anger or aggression, then check out O.G.C. Pssst! To the boys in Po' Boy and O.G.C., try getting into some music more brutal than Kiss – the '70s are long gone! **–Mike H.**

Pud, My World

April 28, 1994 at The Roxy Music Hall, Huntington

Mr. Hymson and I entered the Roxy with the intention of seeing Pud and leaving. Unfortunately, My World was before them. I don't want to say the word but I will. My World is gr*nge. 'Nuff said.

Pud, a weird 4-piece, opened with a Naked City cover which singer Kerry screamed his little lungs out for. He was all over the stage while they played some of their "funk influenced" material. Though Pud doesn't want to be known as funk band (thanks to Mr. Kowalski) however, they do combine elements of funk and noise, which is kind of weird but still cool. Anyway, besides performing songs from their demo *100%*, they played a Beastie Boys and a Fugazi cover. If you want to see a very bizarre band, check out Pud. **–Mike B.**

Swingin' Neckbreakers

May 6, 1994 at Maxwell's, NJ

Can you say GARAGE? These boys from Trenton, N.J. get my vote for garage kings. "It's the same all over the world." It soon will be worldwide. As I write this they're probably in some English pub getting very boisterous, because they're touring Europe for five weeks. This is a band that always delivers, and the crowd was dancing its collective ass off the whole time. Cool lyrics: "If you take my woman, I'm gonna take your life." Lead singer and bassist Thomas Jorgensen is a dynamo singing and playing his heart out, never missing a lick. He sings Little Richard songs as if his soul was possessed by the same devil, minus the mascara. Drummer John Jorgensen and guitarist Shaggy were so in synch – they are definitely one of the tightest bands around. The Neckbreakers were especially great when Dave Amels came up and played organ, really giving the full sonic treatment. If you like good straight rock n' roll, they'll be back in June. Or pick up their full-length Telstar release, *Live For Buzz*, or their Telstar or Estrus singles. See you there Hoss! **–John**

EAST COAST ASSAULT

A PERFECT SAMPLER OF THE EAST COAST'S HEAVIEST AND HARDEST FEATURING LIFE OF AGONY, SAM BLACK CHURCH, ONLY LIVING WITNESS, STARKWEATHER, DARE TO DEFY, DARKSIDE, HEADCLEANER, CONFUSION, MERAUDER, HARD RESPONSE, EDGEWISE, SOCIAL DISORDER, DMIZE, JUDGEMENT DAY, OVERCAST, BZERKER, CONVERGE, BRICKLAYER AND NEXT STEP UP

STARKWEATHER *CROSSBEARER*

"Beautiful, Repulsive, Hateful and Soul Wrenching"

"A Dramatical, Emotional Bloodletting"

"Intense Poetic Lyrics Set To A Soundtrack Of Total Doom"

MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED TOO DAMN HYPE RECORDS BY DUTCH EAST INDIA TRADING COMPANY

Audio Reviews

81 Mulberry "81 Mulberry" *(POB 3572, Chapel Hill, NC 27514).* Original sounding rock played with the manic energy of a hardcore band. The second song on side 2 is impressive. It alternates from mellow to heavy, but not in the typical Nirvana method. The production is so heavy that the guitars sound more death metal than rock. I don't know what the typical North Carolina sound is, so I can't tell you if these guys have it, but since everyone says NC is the new Seattle then these guys will probably be on a major soon. This 7" is on green vinyl. (7") **-Mike H.**

The 5678s "I Walk Like Jayne Mansfield" b/w "Cat Fight Run" *(Estrus Records, POB 2125, Bellingham, WA 98225).* They can walk anyway they want to, as long as they're on their way to Mai Tai's and talk trash. I love it when Japanese girls speak English. The way she says "I walk like Jayne Mansfield" got me wet. "Cat Fight Run" is a very cool instrumental, total B movie cheese all the way. Don't throw out your trash! (7") **-John**

AC "Everyone Should Be Killed" *(Earache Records, 295 Lafayette St. #915, New York, NY 10012).* The most offensive band name in the world has been now been reduced to two harmless letters, a sign of the times I suppose. With more than fifty psychotic grindcore tracks clocking in under a minute each, this release kinda sounds like a longer version of Slap A Ham's *Son of Bllleeeeaaau-uurrrrgghhh!* comp. Some of the best song titles in recent history, too. Let's see... "Grindcore Is Very Terrifying," "I'm Not Allowed to Like A.C. Anymore Since They Signed to Earache"...ah, here's a great one: "MTV Is My Source For New Music." I doubt it, and if yer readin' this and just kinda said to yourself "Yeah, mine too!" you're not allowed to even **think** about our paper anymore. (CD) **-Rich**

Abnormal Behavior *(Abnormal Behavior, 1520 41st St., North Bergen, NJ 07047).* After putting out two demos these guys finally put out some vinyl. The production here is good and definitely does the music justice. Musically, this falls along the lines of Crass-esque punk and chunky metal core. My favorite, "Shallow Water," is included and the other three songs are just as good, so I'm a happy camper. (7") **-Groovy**

Aenone "Saints and Razors" b/w "Gaze" *(Koko Pop Records, 33 34th St., 6th Fl, Brooklyn, NY 11232).* LOUD atmospheric pop oozing with nice sounding vox and tons of potential. Sounds like Aenone's bread and butter revolves

INSTRUMENTS OF TERROR!

BULLETPROOF
ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK
the Mortals

DESTROY ALL ASTROMEN!

THE WOGGLES: the Zontar Sessions

THE MORTALS
"BULLETPROOF!" LP/CD
12 new doses of full-bore guitar explosives...shaken, not stirred.
ES1216 $8.00 LP/$12.00 CD

MAN OR ASTRO-MAN?
"Destroy All Astro-Men!"
23 reverb drenched blasts of lethal, all-instro RayGun Rock!
ES1215 $8.00 LP/$12.00 CD

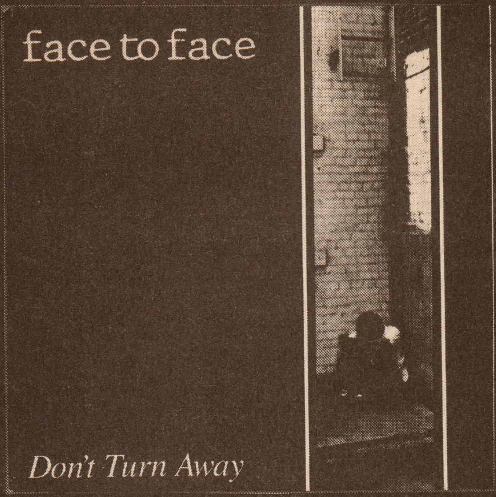
THE WOGGLES
"The Zontar Sessions" LP/CD
A 3-chord aural Buffet served up hot, sweaty and satisfyin'!
ES1217 $8.00 LP/$12.00 CD

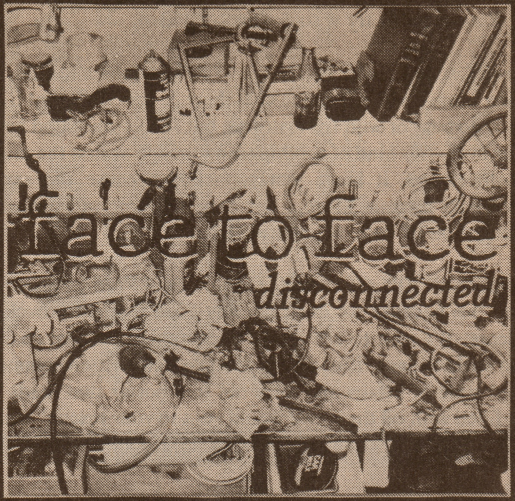
OUT NOW: The Trashwomen "Spend The Night With..." LP, Jack O' Fire "Destruction of Squaresville" CD, The Insomniacs 10" EP, Teengenerate 7", The 5.6.7.8's 7" ON THE BURNER: Man Or Astro-Man? "Astro-Launch 7" ep, Mono Men "Sin & Tonic" LP/CD and lots more trash for yer can! We also carry loads of cool and hard to find non-Estrus stuff.........WRITE FOR A FREE CATALOG!

JOIN THE ESTRUS CRUST CLUB: 6 SINGLES FER $25 BUCKS ($30 CANADA/$35 FOREIGN)
You'll get the next six limited edition color vinyl singles, a 15% discount on mail-order and more "members-only" bonuses...so what'cha waitin' for?

Distributed Worldwide by Mordam Records...stores call (415) 575-1970
Estrus Records PO Box 2125 Bellingham WA 98227 U.S.A.

DECEPTION IN ADVERTISING:


face to face
Don't Turn Away


face to face
disconnected

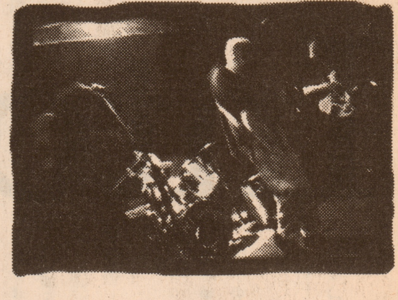
**THEY LOOK THE SAME SIZE. ONE'S A FULL LENGTH L.P.
ONE'S A 7 INCH. YOU DECIDE.**

Don't Turn Away: CD, CASS, LP -- OUT NOW.
Disconnected: 7" EP -- OUT MAY 15.

FAT
WRECK CHORDS

P.O. BOX 460144
SAN FRANCISCO, CA
94146

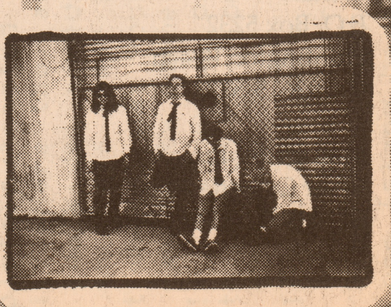
Down By Law



punkrockacademyfightsong

on cd, cassette, lp

listen hard.
17 songs... now!



to hear the latest Epitaph releases phone
1.213.I.OFFEND that is 213-463-3363, duh.

down by law #86431

epitaph 6201 sunset blvd. suite 111 hollywood, ca 90028

EPITAPH

around bands who at one time or another were involved with the Creation label, like Ride, MBV, Boo Radleys, etc. This is the perfect music to listen to on sunny days while walking through the park with your significant other. I know kiddies, you're all thinking, "Huh? He actually listens to that kind of stuff?" Well, hate to disappoint you, but in my spare time I prefer to behave like a human being. You ought to try it sometime. (7") **-Joe**

Ash-Negative Research Cabaret *(Info: 212/340-8097).* Plain Jane and Eddy Jo Martinez from Laguna Moree with saxophonist Robert Arron. Different from Laguna in that there is no bass or wild tribal drums, but Jane's voice and lyrics are as otherworldly as ever – it's kind of soothing, and though at first the music seems starkly underdeveloped, it kinda works, mainly because the sax is present. I will deeply miss Laguna Moree, but hopefully this will turn into something that can stand on its own. (Cassette) **-Rich**

Aus-Rotten "Anti-Imperialist EP" *($3 from Aus Rotten, POB 71287, Pittsburgh, PA 15213).* I ordered this because we don't get any good thought-provoking anarchist punk/hardcore. It's nice to see punks encouraging positive change and fighting capitalist enslavement. The jacket has some well-written commentary about the current state of affairs and folds out to a poster that reads "If only your veins were filled with oil the world would rush to your rescue" which surrounds a disturbing picture of a dead body lying in a pool of blood. (7") **-Groovy**

Azalia Snail "Into Your World" b/w "Warmfront" *(Prospective Records, POB 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406).* On her newest release, the ethereally dissonant Ms. Snail is accompanied by drums and horns on the A side, used to accentuate the mind-expansive tones from her acoustic guitar (she plays zither, too! Wow!). The instrumental acid folk on the flipside features clinking bottles and off-kilter harmonica heading off into the cosmos, a cerebral state best realized through ingesting a fresh tab of LSD. Billions and billions and billions... (7") **-Joe**

Bad Livers "Horses In the Mines" *(1/4 Stick, POB 25520, Chicago, IL 60625).* Shit damn, these southern boys can sure pick that there banjo and groove with the tuba. Some would like to call it bluegrass, but this shit is bizarre. The only way to categorize the Bad Livers is that it would fit perfectly in the Village Idiots' juke box. The best track by far is "Turpentine Willie." [Brent got so drunk he couldn't finish his review – that's how good it is. –Spag] (CD) **-Brent**

Beastie Boys "Ill Communication" *(Capitol Records, 1750 N. Vine, Hollywood, CA 90028).* It seems like only yesterday that *Check Your Head* came out but here's another release containing over 20 tracks that features all of their styles from every album; old school rap, hardcore, funk jams and crazy samples. Their hardcore songs are incredible – I wish they put more of them on the album. My favorite track is "Heart Attack Man." Guest appearance by Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest on "Get It Together" and Biz Markie on "Do It" (I think, I don't have any liner notes). Basically, they've outdone themselves on this one. Instant classic! (Cassette) **-Mike B.**

Berzerk *(Go Kart Records, 222 Thompson St, Suite 7, New York, NY 10012).* Berzerk is a quirky pop/punk 3-piece with a sense of humor – I think the opening track "Giant Robots" is about B-movie creatures etc. They also get almost has a T Rex groove with Devo/They Might Be Giants vocals. Cool enough to play to my friends. (CD) **-Mike B.**

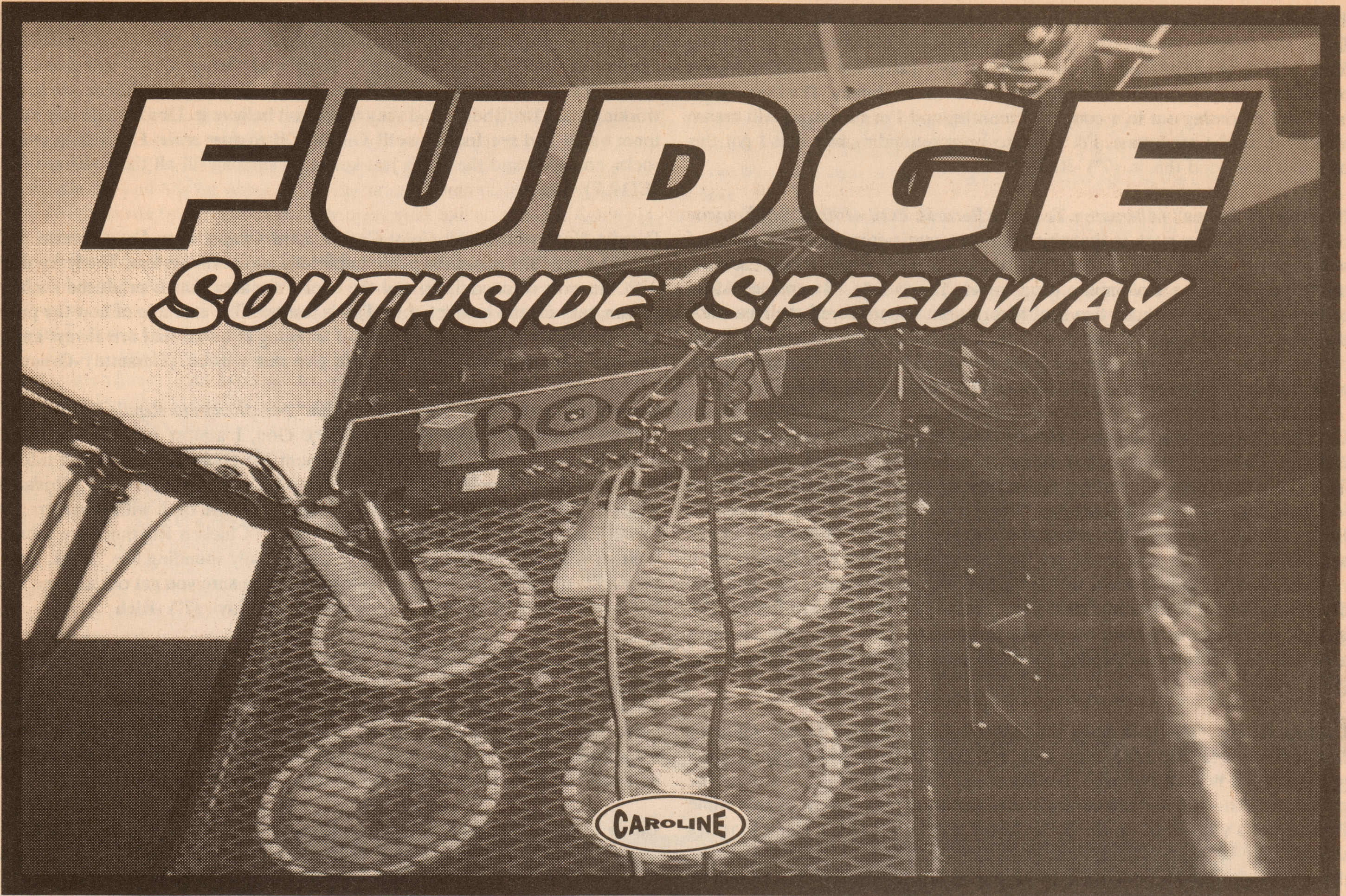
Bedhead "What Fun Life Was" *(Trance Syndicate Records, POB 4977, Austin, Texas 78765).* Nighty night bunny rabbit!! This is mellow. It reminds me of Lush, or My Bloody Valentine type stuff. Every once in a while it crescendos into trashy, vague indie rock. Bedhead are very good at this style, but it's not my cup of tea. If I had this on my headphones and got into bed I would be asleep before the second song. If you are into mellow spacey music then this is for you. (CD) **-Mike H.**

Into Another
IGNAURUS

R
REVELATION
RECORDS

Write:
P.O. Box 5232
Huntington Beach,
CA 92615-5232

Mail Order Prices:
LP or Cassette $8.00
CD $10.00 (US Postpaid)



Menu

HELL26: **WOODPUSSY** *JELLY DOUGHNUTS* 7"
Tart melons & wieners topped with surprise sauce. For strong stomachs only!
HELL25: **OUTSIDEINSIDE** *SIX POINT SIX* Lp/Cd
Tangy tunes in a psychedelic-punk stew. It rocks, it rolls!
Served with a bowl of feedback, garnished with noise. Cooked by GEZA X.
HELL21: **THE BOTTOM FEEDERS** *SPIT WARS* 10"
Gobs of guac drip from headcheese, cured in beer.
HELL20: **SLUTS FOR HIRE** *WE'RE IN A BAND* 7" Ep
Freshly tossed colorful morsels of punk-rock heaven. Served with sass.
HELL19: **TEARDRAIN** *EGO SICK* 7"
Meaty hypno-aggro nuggets from former Hole bassist, Jill Emery.
HELL18: **HONK IF YER HORNY** *GRASS, GAS OR ASS* 7" Ep
Rump roast and cheese whiz on white bread, with whiskey poured all over it.
HELL17: **YARD TRAUMA** *OH MY GOD* Lp/Cd
Pasta served with expresso. Gives you enough energy to stay awake for days!
HELL16: **BLACK ANGEL'S DEATH SONG** *THE NAME REMAINS THE SAME* 7"
A tasty platter, suitable for lunch dinner, or a late nite snack.
HELL15: **BUTT TRUMPET** *PRIMITIVE ENEMA* Cd/Lp
Stomach lining layered with overcooked beef, half cooked corn and runny stuff.
HELL11: **THE WILD STARES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** *LUCRETIA BORGIA* 7"
A smooth, creamy desert, served with violins and candlelight!

Upcoming meals include **BLACK ANGEL'S DEATH SONG** *DUE RAGAZZA* Lp/Cd, plus 7" appetizers by **BOBSLED, DIZBUSTER, FEARLESS LEADER** and more.

Welcome to Cafe Hell Yeah!

PO BOX 1975 • BURBANK, CA 91507
Distribution by MORDAM RECORDS: (415) 575-1970
By mail • Lp & 10" $8.00, CD $11.00, 7" $4.00 PP in the USA
or send $1.00 for a HUGE mail-order catalog!

The Bollweevils "Chicago" *($3.50 from Dr. Strange Records, POB 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701).* Three quick melodic punk songs that sound a lot like Big Sniff in both structure and tempo, though singer Daryl has a slightly higher register than Marc, and the music isn't quite as raw or chunky. The Bollweevils have an LP coming out in a couple of months, and I'm sure Spag will cream all over it. In the meantime, I'm going to keep reminding him that I got this one, and how good this is. (7") **-Rich**

Brujeria "El Patron" *(Alternative Tentacles Records, POB 419092, San Francisco, CA 94141).* The myth is that this grindcore outfit consists of members of a drug cartel. Okay... The A side, "El Patron," is a tribute to Pablo Escobar, the former king of a Colombian drug cartel. The B side, "Hermanos Menendez" is a tribute to those two spoiled brats who slaughtered their parents, then went out and bought Porsches with their insurance money. Great package, decent songs, sick fucking joke – I'll bet this band is really a bunch of insurance salesmen, accountants, and older punks. Neato... (7") **-Rich**

Cannibal Corpse "The Bleeding" *(Metal Blade Records, 2345 Erringer Rd., Suite 108, Simi Valley, CA 93065-2200).* Brutal from beginning to end, *The Bleeding* finds Cannibal Corpse unleashing apocalyptic death metal ideal for those who love to pillage. While song titles like "Fucked with A Knife" and "Force Fed Broken Glass" may sound like social activities appropriate to Jeffrey Dahmer's apartment, the vocals and music get the job done. Singer Chris Barne's deep range/high range growls work well with the fast guitar grinds, machine gun drumming, and any other barbaric noise created by these death fiends. The group's occasional emphasis on murky mosh parts lends this disc an extra adrenalin kick. Not recommended for those searching for the meaning of life. (CD) **-Alex**

Captain Howdy "The Best Song Ever Written" b/w "Dino's Head" *(Shimmy Disc Records, JAF Box 1187, New York, NY 10116).* Penn Jillete and Kramer going off on a twisted rampage, ranting about "The Best Song..." where "the guitars are distorted and the verses don't need to rhyme" on the A side while Penn orates a schizo tale on the B side about how he got to use Dean Martin's shower head in Vegas and screams "FUCK!" behind an evil rock soundtrack that purposely switches into bland MOR just in case you weren't pissed off yet. Kinda funny, especially Penn's screech at the end about hoe he's afraid to lose his college rock credibility. No need to worry though; even if he **did** lose it, he wouldn't be missing much anyway. (7") **-Joe**

Chandeen "Shaded by the Leaves" *(Hyperium/Rough Trade/Projekt, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* Chandeen are amazing. Something about their sweet haunting melodies that draws me to listen to such depressing stuff. Musically they resemble Camouflage during their later symphonic technically orchestrated form, and the female singers have a Sinead-esque harmony to them. Chandeen, however, leave a more memorable impression that leaves you a sense of joy. I think this is one of the finer "new" artists that have managed to find their way into our mailbox, and if there's one CD I'd hassle the local record store manager into ordering, it would be this. (CD) **-Groovy**

Cocksparrer "Guilty as Charged" *(Bitzcore, Postfach 30 41 07, D-20324 Hamburg, Germany).* Do it, do it, one more time, please! I'm inundated with music and time is precious, so it's been 5 years since i've had a recording i just can't stop listening to over and over for weeks on end. This new LP, their third, is already a classic to me, probably the best oi! record in the last decade. Every one of the 11 songs is distinctive and memorable; all but "Crack in the Mirror" are up there among the best that oi! has ever done. Colin McPaul's good voice sounds just like '84's "Running Riot", but this amazing band, nearing its 20th anniversary with the same lineup (!), comes up with new, not repetitive, music, sounding definitely older and more sophisticated lyrically, but still chock-a-block with melodic hooks and stirring tunes. "Get a Rope" takes up where "Take 'Em All" left off in '84, urging the lynching of politicos (compare early Clash's "Guns on the Roof") but adds liberals and the PC fanatics to the target list; it's the only political song, but it's uncompromising and leads the album. "Because You're Young" is a complex but definitely older view of youth. "Bird Trouble" is an irresistible medium-tempo anti-marriage song, fading out into wedding bells and the easygoing we-never-sold-out song "Don't Blame Us." "Roads to Freedom" is a fine, multi-textured multi-tolerant anthemic rouser; it recalls the Talking Heads' "Road to Nowhere." Anti-drinking songs (!) mix with fun-loving lusty ♂ tunes in the old oi! pounding tempo like "I Fit Central Heating": "Strip" and "Tough Guys" will give some feminists fits, but i like 'em. "We Know How to Live" is a confident ode to the working-class British life, and they make you believe it. Don't waste any more time: buy it and see for yourself! Oi! Oi! Oi! *Richter scale*: Everything sways, rocks, and rolls and the earth just keeps on shaking till all the walls are flat. (CD/LP) **-Donny**

Coexist "Fuck the Rich" *(Info: Coexist, 1353 Chapel View Dr., Odenton, MD 21113).* Cool DIY anarchist punk that totally rips at the system. The lyrics deal with the evils of capitalism, and the social diseases that it produced such as racism, sexism, and homophobia. This is just one fine example of how the punk movement isn't dead. If you're tired of listening to bands that are always angry about nothing then maybe you should give this a listen. (Cassette) **-Groovy**

Cows "Cow Island" b/w "Chicken Rhythm" *(Amphetamine Reptile Records 2645 1st Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408).* God, I almost forgot I got this!!! Yeah, it's been a while since a Cows' album has come out, and the A side of this "tour only" single will supposedly appear on their new LP, *Orphan's Tragedy*. There's kind of an "Uptown Suckers" groove on it with some strange fuckin's around with the vocals in the chorus. "Chicken Rhythm" is a lounge number with the "Bock, bock, bocks" occasionally sounding like "Bock, bock, fuck off." When the Cows get to your town, make sure you get out and see 'em live – you'll be glad you did. On cloudy purple vinyl. (7") **-Rich**

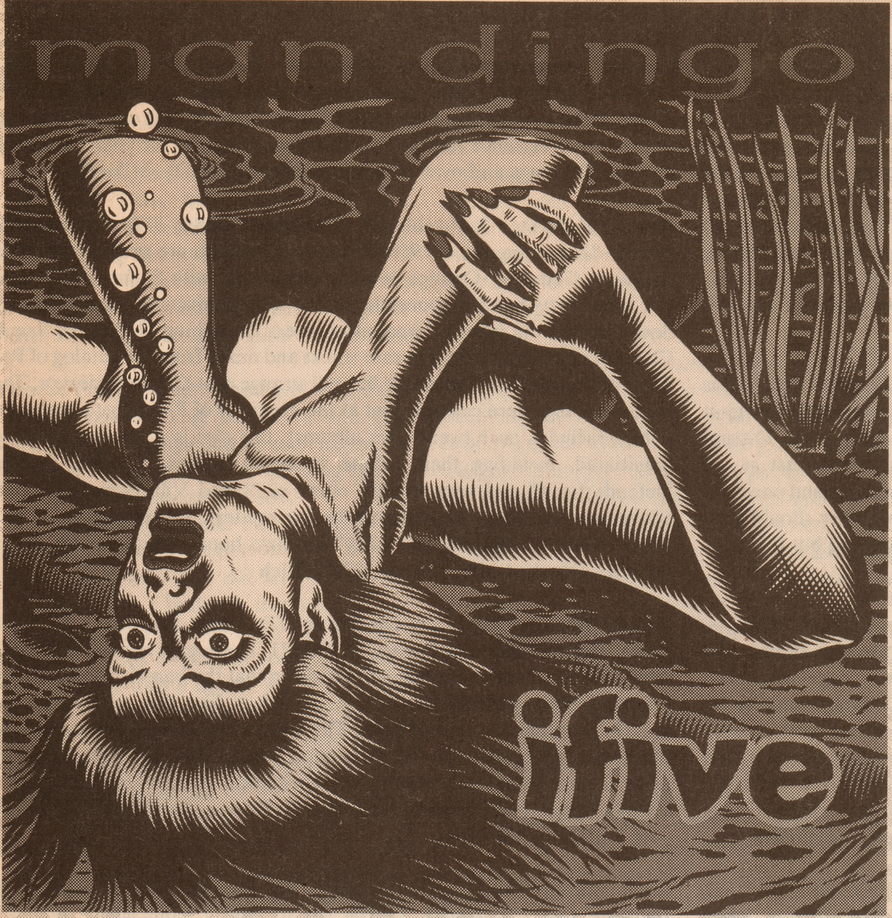
The Cynics "I Live Alone" b/w "Hand In Hand" *(Get Hip Recordings, POB 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317).* Fast and frantic garage rock that kind of jumped off my turntable today. I have mixed feelings about singer Michael Hastelic's voice; in normal "singing" mode it's a little squeaky, but then when he howls it's a hoot. "Hand In Hand" has a lot of reverb on the guitar and is relatively pleasant sounding when compared to the raucous A side. (7") **-Rich**

Curve "Cuckoo" *(Anxious/Charisma Records, 1790 Broadway, New York, NY 10019).* Hey these cats just played around here and I missed them. I was a little upset until I heard Engines of Aggression were on the bill (what a lousy choice of an opener). Anyway, Curve deliver heavy duty guitar effects over a nice phat drum beat which adds to the intensity. The sweet vocals of Toni Halliday make the band's fury seem quite smooth, and her harmonies really work out the rough edges. All in all is a perfect combination and I find them quite appealing to listen to. I think Curve certainly one of the most interesting of the pop / alternative genre. God only knows how the rest of the world will take to them, if at all. (CD) **-Groovy**

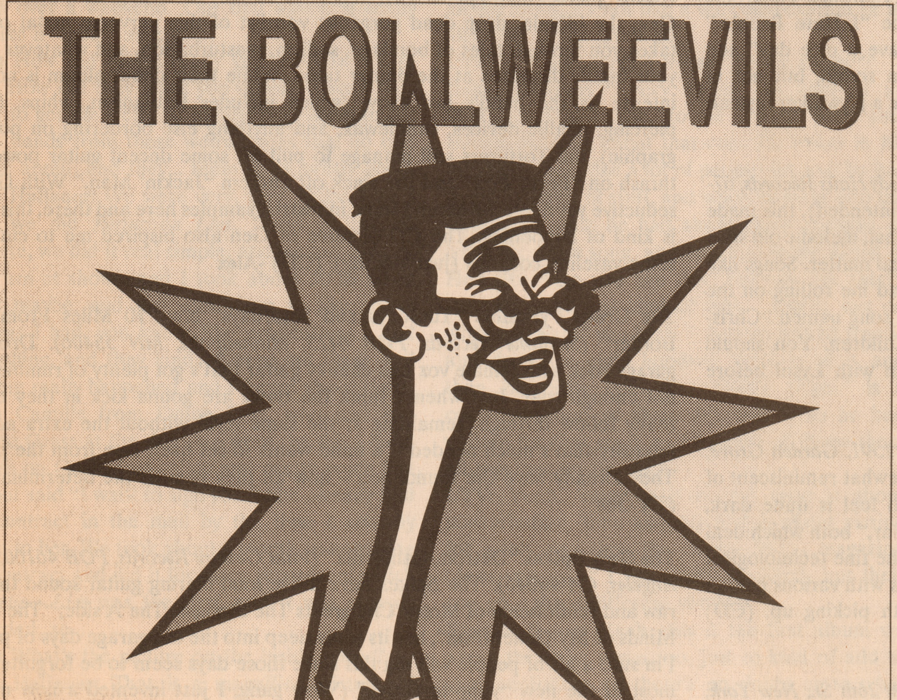
The Dambuilders "Encendor" *(East West Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019).* Playing quirky pop that makes use of strings (violin), The Dambuilders sound like they could be on Camille's label Grass. At first I just thought it interesting because it was a little too light for me, but now (on my third listen) it has grow on me substantially, especially the downcast chorus in the melodic "Smell." Hooks, harmonies, and taut song structures (especially the Cranes' style string riff on "Kill Haole Day") earn this a thumbs up. Hey Spag, you gotta hear this! (CD) **-Rich**

Dazzling Killmen "Face of Collapse" *(Skin Graft Records, POB 257546, Chicago, IL 60625).* Damn, this album is noisy...but really good. It sounds like a mix between the Unsane, Today is the Day and the typical Am Rep sound. In other words, noisy, chaotic, guitar driven rock with shouted vocals. My only complaint about this is after it's over I can't remember what I just heard, but that's because I'm a wimp and like catchy straightforward riffing. Steve Albini (un) produced this so the sound is great, too. This album is a must for people who think Helmet is too metal. I bet if I saw these guys live, my ears would ring for a week. (CD) **-Mike H.**

Digital Poodle "Division" *(Cleopatra Records, 8726 South Sepulveda, Suite D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045).* More dance/industrial from Cleopatra that you can wiggle your ass too. Monotone vocals and a thumping kick drum. I give it a thumbs up; however, I wonder if the name Digital Poodle is a take-off of Skinny Puppy? (CD) **-Mike B.**


man dingo
ifive

DR. STRANGE HAS YOUR DAILY FIX....


THE BOLLWEEVILS
Stick Your Neck out!

both are on LP/CD/CASS

prices:

LP/CASS $7.00 - post paid U.S. / $10.00 elsewhere

CD'S $10.00 - post paid U.S. / $12.00 elsewhere

send check. cash or money order to:

DR. STRANGE RECORDS
P.O. Box 7000-117
Alta Loma. CA 91701

DR. STRANGE RECORDS
"OUR DISEASE IS SPREADING"

don't forget to ask for our huge rare punk rock catalog (FREE with any order) otherwise send two stamps.

DISTRIBUTED BY MORDAM

Dirtclodfight "Suffering the Aftertaste" *(Flipside Records, POB 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116).* Dirtclodfight is a really difficult band to describe. They frequently go from quiet passages to explosive, thick, discordant, guitar choruses. Vocalist Phil Merwin sounds ever-so-slightly like Jon Wahl from Clawhammer. Moody stuff that revels in its moodiness. (CD) **-Rich**

Dischange "Seeing, Feeling, Bleeding" *(Nuclear Blast America Records, POB 251, Millersville, PA 17551).* This album sounds just like old Discharge, and that's a compliment, although it's very one-dimensional. Every song (except for one mid-paced punk stomp) is at typical fast hardcore speed. But hey, it rages so who cares. It was recorded at Sunlight Studios in Sweden which where all the Swedish death metal bands (i.e., Entombed, Dismember, etc.) record, which means it sounds great and the low end is booming. The verdict for Dischange is that it's generic hardcore... but it will rip your head off and shit down your throat. (CD) **-Mike H.**

Disrupt "Deprived" *(Relapse Records, POB 251, Millersville, PA, 17551).* This is the best 7" Relapse has ever put out. This record has so much energy it almost jumped off my turntable! For those who don't already know, Disrupt are a hardcore band. They play faster than NYHC but not as fast as old Napalm Death. They have 2 vocalists – one does the low screams and one does the high screams. The production and packaging are great. They should have a full-length album out soon on Relapse, but instead of waiting but this now. (7") **-Mike H.**

Drome "The Final Corporate Colonization of the Unconscious" *(Wigwam/ Projekt, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* What a neat album title! Drome are an electronic outfit that falls into an experimental progressive tribal category. They use some interesting and odd samples, then back them with off sounding hip hop and reggae rhythms. Don't get the wrong idea, there's nothing commercial going on here, which adds to its appeal. One question that is asked during your listening is "Have you left the stove on while cooking?" Uhm... excuse me Freddy, but how you cook on a stove when it's off? Ah, these cyberpunks don't know their way around the kitchen. (CD) **-Groovy**

Dystopia "Bitches and Bastards" *($2 cash to: Dystopia, 36 Central Park Rd., Plainview, NY 11803).* This is our own Mike Bazini and Mike Hymson (along with M. Allison from Machine Code) playing some very strange electronic keyboard based stuff that's melodic, especially the tune "I Hate People." Taped dialogue like "Lose my number, Mike" and "Have a nice day" add comic relief to a carnival-esque vibe that is sinister in sound, but not in content; sort of like viewing a clown painting if Gacy were a jaywalker instead of a depraved murderer. Three songs. (Cassette) **-Rich**

Endangered Feces "Flatulence Is Bliss" *($3 cash from Doody Haüs Records, 67-46 Springfield Blvd., Bayside, NY 11364).* Holy shit! (Pun intended), this made my day when it came in the mail. Endangered Feces play fast, melodic old style hardcore, and the subject matter dealt with is mainly...fecal matter. Songs like the title track and "Your Love Is Like Constipation" had me rolling on the floor. Shit, these pioneers of poo poo core even have a song named "Christina," about Christina Applegate from Married with Children. You should really get this one...just make sure you spray the room with Lysol before playing. Six songs, white vinyl. (7") **-Rich**

Evils Toy "Human Refuse" *(Hypnobeat/Darkwave, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* Evils Toy have an industrial sound somewhat reminiscent of Skinny Puppy during their *Remission* days. The general feel is quite dark, especially the tracks "Nuclear Lab" and "Third World War," both which deal with the shadier side of reality that is brought upon by the fine technological advancements we've made. The other material here deals with various human emotions leaning towards the sinister side. Well worth picking up. (CD) **-Groovy**

Fudge "Southside Speedway" *(Caroline Records, 114 West 26th St., New York, NY 10001).* This record has two different elements that I like, but that don't really mesh together. On one hand, there is some pretty good guitar driven power "pop"; I like this aspect of this record. On the other hand, there are these weird noise passages that sound almost electronic between songs; I like this aspect as well, but I feel the two elements on one record (or this record, anyway) don't quite mesh. Not bad, but the lack of focus can be irritating. (CD) **-Rich**

Further "Sometimes Chimes" *(Christmas Records, 1310 1/2 N. Vista, Los Angeles, CA 90046).* This is good indie rock type stuff. It reminds me of Sonic Youth meets an improved version of Dinosaur Jr. This is not my usual scene, but for some reason I like it. This CD gives you a lot for your money. There are over 20 songs and over 70 minutes of music. (CD) **-Mike H.**

Genesis P-Orridge & Psychic TV *(Cleopatra Records, 8726 South Sepulveda, Suite D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045).* Some of you kids are probably just hearing the name Genesis P-Orridge because of his work with Pigface and Skatenigs, but he is pretty much responsible for the term "industrial" describing what it does – it was the label of musical pioneers Throbbing Gristle. In fine form, Cleopatra has collected some rare tracks and mixes from the catalog of Psychic TV, P-Orridge's more accessible but still strange post-Gristle endeavor. Though the assemblage here can only hint at the enormity of P-Orridge's body of work (which includes over twenty live albums), this disc is a good primer for the uninitiated, including their tribute to Brian Stones, "Godstar," "Magick Defends Itself" and very straight cover of "Good Vibrations." Cool. Extra added personal experience bonus for our readers: I used to play Throbbing Gristle's droning "Hamburger Lady" for eight hours straight at my job to bug the guys I worked with. I swear. (CD) **-Rich**

Genetic Wisdom "Humanity On Parole" *(Pavement Music Inc., 17 W. 703 A Butterfield Rd., Oakbrook Terrace, IL 60181).* These guys are so unoriginal and such a blatant Pantera rip off, it's surprising that the band isn't called Generic Wisdom! Well, existing scum I am, I kind of like this release; it's moshy crunchy, and full of nuts and bolts. The noticeably strong similarities between this band and Pantera can be distracting though, and everything from singer Mike Lucarelli's raspy screams, the mechanical double kick bass, and thick metallic chords resembles Pantera, who, by the way, started out as a glam band – no bullshit. (CD) **-Alex**

Genitorturers "120 Days of Torture" *(IRS Records, 3939 Lankershim Blvd., Universal City, CA 91604).* You've got to love a band whose female lead vocalist pierces men's penises on stage; I've already seen them do it live. Ouch! Gen, the blonde, drop dead gorgeous vocalist of this perverse metal outfit takes you through tales of bondage, sadism, masturbation, and whatever else your family discusses at the dinner table. While their debut album is not as intense as the band's live show (which includes lesbianism, whips, flesh piercing, phallic devices, candlewax, and anything else bordering on pornographic), the Torturers still manage to pull off some decent guitar powered thrash on "Force Fed" and the wack off anthem "Jackin' Man." With Gen's seductive yet fierce vocals and some industrial samples here and there, this disc is kind of happening. The CD pictures of Gen also inspired me to cut out some vaseline coupons (just kidding). (CD) **-Alex**

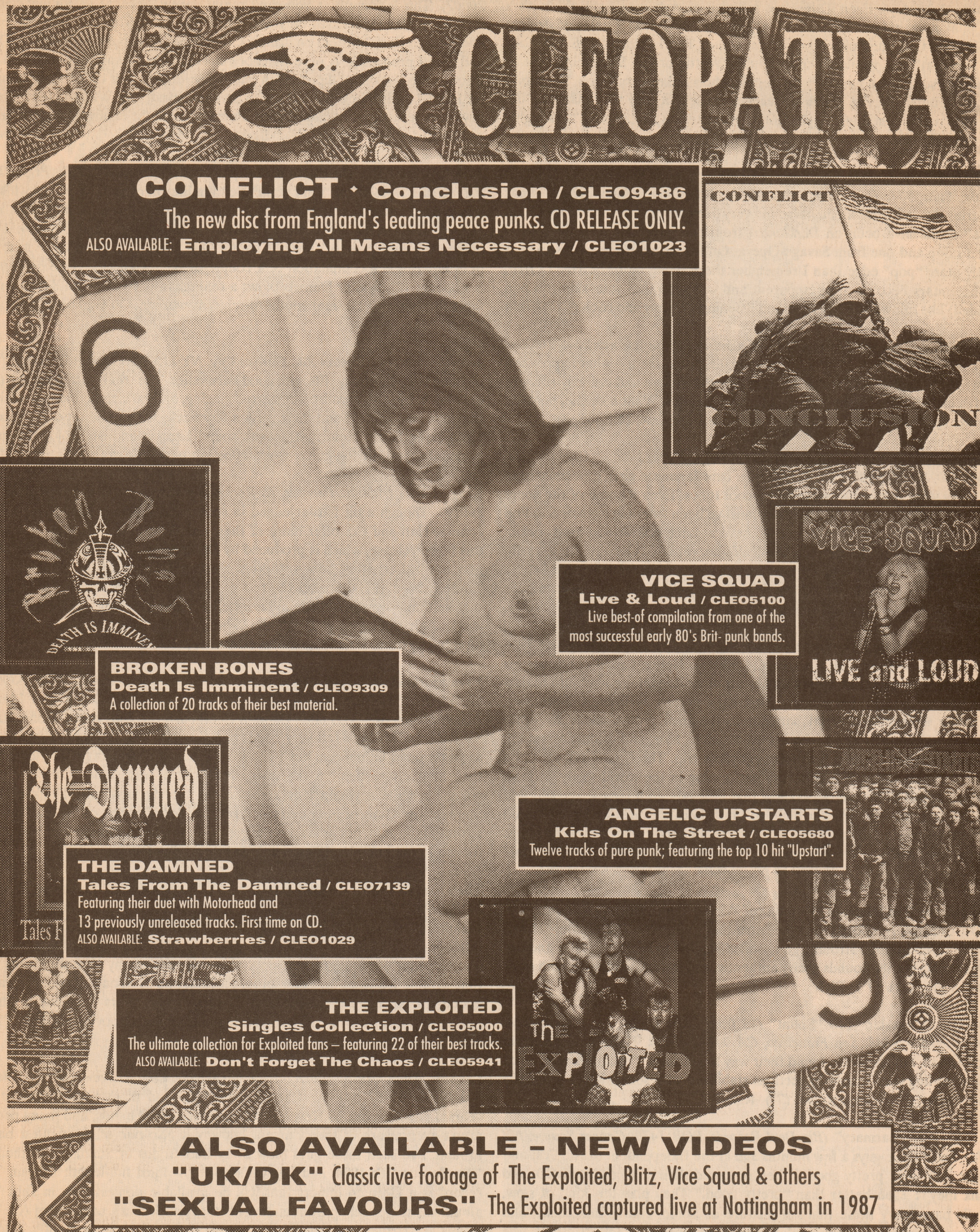
The Green Pyramids "Tuesdays and Saturdays" b/w "10 Miles From the Border" *(Susstone Records, POB 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406).* Droning garage rock with female vox and chunky guitar that's got plenty of rumble but not enough roar. Just when I think the tunes are gonna kick in they don't really follow through, remaining at the same level without the extra added intensity that's much needed if a band wants to set itself free from the pack. They already have the foundation – now all they need is the determination. (7") **-Joe**

The Grey Spikes "Detroit, California" *(Vital Gesture Records, POB 46100, Los Angeles, CA 90046).* The Spikes have a live loud blaring guitar sound that is raw and reminiscent of Motor City greats The Stooges. The A side, "The Best Minds of My Generation", has its roots deep into the old garage days of punk. I'm sure a lot of people will dig this since those days seem to be forgotten by most of the new "yupp-ternative" (Wow gang, I just invented a new music category!) guitar bands. (7") **-Groovy**

Guttermouth "11 oz." *(Hopeless Records, 15910 Ventura Blvd., 11th Fl, Encino, CA 91436). MRR* gave this a bad review because Guttermouth doesn't have an

HEY PUNK – HERE'S A SIXER FOR YA FROM

CLEOPATRA



CONFLICT ◆ **Conclusion / CLEO9486**

The new disc from England's leading peace punks. CD RELEASE ONLY.

ALSO AVAILABLE: **Employing All Means Necessary / CLEO1023**

VICE SQUAD

Live & Loud / CLEO5100

Live best-of compilation from one of the most successful early 80's Brit- punk bands.

BROKEN BONES

Death Is Imminent / CLEO9309

A collection of 20 tracks of their best material.

ANGELIC UPSTARTS

Kids On The Street / CLEO5680

Twelve tracks of pure punk; featuring the top 10 hit "Upstart".

THE DAMNED

Tales From The Damned / CLEO7139

Featuring their duet with Motorhead and 13 previously unreleased tracks. First time on CD.

ALSO AVAILABLE: **Strawberries / CLEO1029**

THE EXPLOITED

Singles Collection / CLEO5000

The ultimate collection for Exploited fans – featuring 22 of their best tracks.

ALSO AVAILABLE: **Don't Forget The Chaos / CLEO5941**

ALSO AVAILABLE – NEW VIDEOS

"UK/DK" Classic live footage of The Exploited, Blitz, Vice Squad & others

"SEXUAL FAVOURS" The Exploited captured live at Nottingham in 1987

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

CLEOPATRA
8726 S. Sepulveda, Ste. D-82,
Los Angeles, CA 90045 USA

DISTRIBUTED BY CAROLINE
NYC (212)989-2929 • LA (818)504-0965

politically redeeming value, but then again, *MRR* doesn't seem to like much of anything these days. Even if they are a bunch of crybabies I still think it's a good punk mag, but enough of that, let's get to the review: 3 tunes of straight up '80s style Cali punk plus a kickin' version of The Exploited's "Sid Vicious Was Innocent" that would make ol' chubby Wattie proud. Something here to offend everyone, even me (they dis people who smoke herb. Oooh, I'm soooo offended), but if they're gonna disrespect women in they way that they do, then what makes 'em think they're gonna get dates on Friday night? It's highly doubtful. (7") **-Joe**

The Hair & Skin Trading Co. "Over Valence" *(Beggars Banquet, 274 Madison Avenue, Suite 804, New York, NY 10016).* Spiralling valium driven guitar tapestries that in lighter moments sound very like earlier Jesus and Mary Chain ("Loa" could have been on *Darklands*) from two guys who were in a band named Loop and one from Savage Opera. On first listen there seems to be a slightly more "pop" edge than I remember there being on *Jo In Nine G Hell*, but the guitars become more apparent and will seep into your skin (no pun intended) like rainwater after repeated listenings. Trippy and cool. (CD) **-Rich**

Hammerhead "Into the Vortex" *(Amphetamine Reptile Records 2645 1st Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 55408).* What a big disappointment – what happened? Not what Hammerhead used to be. It seems the groove and crunchy riffs are lost. It's just all this shit thrown together in a blender. What a shame, because I was really looking forward to this and it just bored me. (CD) **-Spag**

Hedonics "White Noise Project" *(Hotta Bldg., 301, 13-32, 2 Chome, Osu, Nagoya 460, Japan).* Yes, I am a sucker for cute Japanese girls, especially ones who know what it takes to write some cool tunes. Even if some of the songs here are sung in English, the Hedonics must've been listening to their Sub Pop records religiously. These four lovelies have a much noisier and hard rockin' sound than fellow geisha girls Shonen Knife do, yet it isn't beyond them to dip into the Sugar Pops once in a while, resulting in an energetic mesh of styles that many other bands seem to have difficulty in pulling off. Ah, my little lotus flowers, you have brightened my day. (Cassette) **-Joe**

Helios Creed "Busting Through the Van Allan Belt" *(Cleopatra Records, 8726 South Sepulveda, D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045).* Helios Creed continues his onward superior evolution by taking his out of world guitar sound into realms never before thought imaginable. This cat's getting weirder and weirder, alternating a heavy industrial hammer-on-the-anvil groove aided by drum machines and samples along with his usual guitar, bass, and drums formation, thus making space travel a far more enjoyable trip. The Creed has got to be one of the most innovative guitarists performing in the world toady, at least 100 steps ahead of his peers. Swallow that holy tab, grab your space suit and catch the next available rocket flight to Mars, because one day Helios Creed just might be playing a show there to all who understood what he was all about from day one, when he was a member of Chrome. Now wouldn't that be cool? (CD) **-Joe**

HI FI and the Roadrunners "Demons of Wicker Park" *(Victory Records, POB 146546, Chicago, IL 60614).* Old time strutting rockabilly. The A side, "Hurricane" has a mid-tempo strolling gait, while "Rocket to Mars" is faster and has really echoing vocals. Sounds pretty authentic, and the saxophone on both sides gives it a nice feel. (7") **-Rich**

IabhorHer "Crowskin" b/w "Splint" *($3 from Chris Dodge, c/o Slap A Ham Records, POB 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843).* These guys are from Staten Island, but somehow found their way to getting a 7" out on a west coast label. Growling vocals, thrashy sections stabilized with some slower grooves – sounds pretty grindcore-y to me. (7") **-Rich**

Idle "Downers Pharmacy" *(Big Deal Records, POB 1470, Cooper Square, NY 10276).* I saw these guys a few months ago at the Independent Music Fest and thought they were pretty good. I then procured their self-produced CD, and I think they're even better than "pretty good." They play this kind of slow, melodic bass-heavy noise that's a mixture of Sonic Youth, Buzzcocks, and Nirvana. All twelve cuts are cool, however the opening track, "Cathy Loves Me" and "Myself Alone" are standouts. A keeper in my book. (CD) **-Ed**

Ignition "Complete Services" *(Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. NW, Washington, DC 20007).* This is something you can't really review, because it's simply classic. Basically, Alec (Mackaye) on voice, Chris Thomson (Circus Lupus) on bass, and Dante (Gray Matter) on drums. Other legends on hand include Ian, Don, and Geoff producing. A pure Dischord classic, so put away your vinyl and flip through the booklet equipped with photos, lyrics, and tour dates. For example, on 10/4/87 Ignition played CB's with Scream, Blast, and White Plastic. These guys have influenced so many bands it's crazy. Even the chump from Jawbreaker has an Ignition tattoo. (CD) **-Brent**

Jack O' Fire "The Destruction of Squaresville" *(Estrus Records, POB 2125, Bellingham, WA 98225).* Very authentic sounding blues and more. The whiskey was passed and the cotton was picked for the day – time to jam. This isn't guitar god blues, but raw Robert Johnson's in league with satan blues, real low down. Also subtitled "A View of Chapter One, Year One From the Handbook of Soul," this is a compilation of a couple of singles and the *Six Super Shock Soul Songs* 10". Walter Daniels blows a real mean harp and Tim Kerr's guitar feels the blues like a real southern migrant worker. Oh yeah, it's real punk Binky! (CD) **-John**

Jody Crutch *(149 Brixton Rd., Garden City, NY 11530).* Good stuff coming out of Long Island. Catchy riffs with good harmonies. The weak vocals are the only drawback, but the vocalist just started singing, and he's come along way since this tape was made. Send these guys a few bucks for a good tape. It's nice to see a Long Island band that doesn't sound Long Island-ish. Enjoy the great harmonies and driving guitar work. Nice job boys. (Cassette) **-Spag**

King Missile *(Atlantic Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10019).* Though a bit harder edged in spots than previous King Missile fare, John S. Hall and Co. offer more of their uniquely insightful comic genius on this latest release, which is produced by Daniel Rey. The band explores some new musical territory here – there's even an homage to the Beat era with "Delores" – and Hall makes the rest of us feel better by proving, once again, that he thinks *way* too much, and maybe has been watching too many Dracula movies. Ah, but as with "They" and "Happy Hour," King Missile always ends on a happy note. It's their nature. (Cassette) **-Paddy**

Kreamy 'Lectric Santa "Supergroup 2000" *(Esync Records, POB 380621, Miami, FL 33238-0621).* "A Supremo Vinyl CD with Organ and Mariba Accompaniment." KLS cites Captain Beefheart, the Buzzcocks, Gong, Black Sabbath, Miles Davis (all very good) and Camper Van Beethoven (very bad) as some main influences, but I see it as a bunch o' freaks gettin' down with their bad selves. "Ism" is the saving grace here, with some oddly throbbing going on while a young lady screams her bloody head off. Think of Poly Sterene with Gang of Four and you'll get the idea. The rest of the stuff doesn't really get my goat, but at least it's played with the proper amount of ineptitude for me to not completely hate it. Whatever. (7") **-Joe**

The Lears "I Won't Remind You" b/w "A Flash of Light" *(Susstones Records, POB 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406).* The Lears cite The Electric Prunes, The Flamin' Groovies, The Chocolate Watchband and Love as some of their influences, and yes, they definitely absorbed both the Pebbles and Nuggets encyclopedia of garage/ psych pop. More of that catchy '60s stuff, only this time around it's from St. Petersburg, Florida, and "I Won't..." could've easily ended up on WNYU's *Mod Monday* show some years back, as it fits in perfectly with sitar-like riffs and soaring harmonies. Groovy stuff, man. (7") **-Joe**

Leeway "Adult Crash" *(Intercord Record Service. Contact Leeway at: POB 3095, Sea Bright, NJ 07760).* Well here's a NYHC band that's been kicking it for years. Leeway is one of New York's most influential bands, and many people aren't even aware of this. I mean, Leeway is also one of the tightest bands around. I've seen these guys blow away Bad Brains at Sundance in the late '80s. So now, it's 1994, and Leeway's got their third full-length LP out. This record is a German import that will be available domestically in July. The album has some real up front guitar riffs that knock socks, courtesy of A.J. The drums are strong and powerful, accommodated by clean bass riffs. Eddie's vocals are a tad low and not as clean as usual, but musically the band is so

VANILLA TRAINWRECK

"MORDECAI"

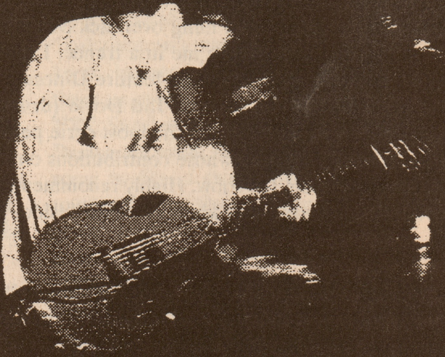
mammoth

mammoth records carr mill
2nd floor, carrboro, nc 27510
send a buck for a catalog

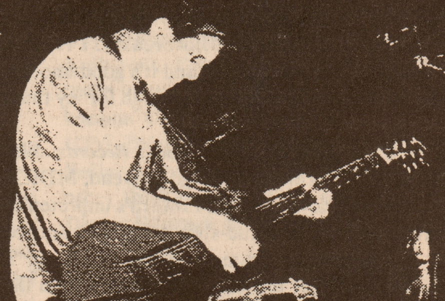
CHAPEL HILL

Young rock

17 BANDS



17 VIDEOS



FEATURING SUPERCHUNK, DILLON FENCE,
SMALL 23, POLVO, THE VELDT,
ARCHERS OF LOAF, FLAT DUO JETS
AND TEN OTHER CHAPEL HILL BANDS

Available at your favorite record store or send $16.00 plus
$2.50 for shipping & handling to: Mammoth Mail Order,
Carr Mill 2nd Floor, Carrboro, NC 27510.
Check or money order please.

mammoth

powerful that it's overlooked. "Ten Years" is one of the best jams on this record. "Grip" also kicks. Basically, this album shocked the shit out of me, and I'm proud of these guys for putting something out once again. Quite impressive. (CD) -Spag

Loveliescrushing *(Projekt, Box 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* Harmonious male and female vocals layered over deep toned noisy guitars make this really quite interesting. Loveliescrushing are great in the sense that they are unpredictable; you don't know what to expect as you graze from track to track. What I personally like is how the band is able to shake away a pop formula by being too unconventional and discordant. Hopefully this won't scare away any shoegazers who might be looking to expand their horizons. (CD) **-Groovy**

Lung "Three Heads On A Plate" *(Restless Records, 1616 Vista Del Mar Ave., Hollywood, CA 90028-6420).* Moody songs, layered guitars, and not enough hooks. Somehow this disc winds up falling flat. Tracks like "Full Moon" and "Car Crash" may have their fair share of mystically noisy riffs (some resemblance to Soundgarden) and deep goth-oriented vocals which shriek and growl with high velocity at times (another resemblance to Soundgarden). However, the uninspired drum programming and monotonous chord formations will drag your excitement level down. Sporadic spoken samples and light industrial beats manage to hold together most songs like charming crazy glue. Mediocre mish mosh. (CD) **-Alex**

Mark Lanegan "Whiskey For the Holy Ghost" *(Sub Pop, POB 20645, Seattle, WA 98102).* This solo release from the Screaming Trees lead man is a moody folk experience that is great for a hung over sick Sunday morning. This has really grown on me, and almost puts me in a trance. I don't mean to make it sound boring – I don't think so. All songs feature Dinosaur Jr. bass man Mike Johnson, and some feature the likes of Tad Doyle (drums?), J Mascis, Dan Peters (Mudhoney), and Jack Endino. The most eerie performances however, belong to violinist Dave Krueger, whose contributions on the songs "House A Home" and "Carnival" stole the show. Highly recommended for open minded people who realize there are other kinds of music besides punk and hardcore. (CD) **-John**

The Meices "Words" b/w "One Hand" *(Word of Mouth Records, POB 25856, Los Angeles, CA 90025).* Great package from these underrated pop melodic punksters. Here we have the same feeling you'd get if the Ramones were on thirty hits of speed. 2 great songs worth checking out. (7") **-Spag**

The Meices "Tastes Like Chicken" *(External Records, 825 Eighth Ave 26th Floor, New York, NY 10019).* Impressive cover art and impressive power punk. A mix between Trial and Error and Jawbreaker. I really am happy with this release even though it's not on Empty, and it's good enough to go out and buy. The track "On the Way Down" is good enough for my thumbs up. (CD) **-Spag**

MDID "Out of Sight, Out of Mind" *(Scat Records, 5466 Broadway #200, Cleveland, OH 44127).* Formerly My Dad Is Dead, MDID's bread and butter lies within a perfect marriage of Mark Edward's unpretentious, out in the open lyrics and a rather heavy Cleveland-style art groove anchored by bassist Matt Swanson and ex-Prisonshake drummer Scott Pickering. The playing is very stripped down and basic yet intricate and clever within the same framework, lending an extra boost to Edward's more insightful compositions, which vary topically from personal soul searching to bad childhood memories to being in love – things we can all relate to, I'm sure. *Out of Sight, Out of Mind* may have some minor flaws (like jamming too long on the same riff to the point of "enough already!"), but, after all, nobody's perfect. Not even you. (CD) **-Joe**

Mind Over Matter "Security" *(Wreck Age Records, 451 W. Broadway 2N, New York, NY 10012).* Man, this thing gets off to a roaring start! Noisy angst with some deep-in-the-pocket dance parts. Actually, "angst" is probably not the right term; singer George Reynolds balances a passionately narrative vocal style with a bile laced spew indicative of some *real* anguish. One of the most inspired cuts on this album is the title track, where a collage of over lapping voices direct different questions to everyman (ex: "How could you do this to me? How could you do this to **us**?") only to be answered by a shrieking "I don't know!" over and over again. Whoooofff! Aside from the stimulating lyrical imagery (beauty and rites of passage are recurring themes) the music on this record smashes and crashes, then too quickly groans to a halt with the conclusion of the cover of "New York, New York" (which was featured on Grass' *Chairman of the Board* comp). An impressive full-length debut. (LP) **-Rich**

Monsterland "At One with Time" *(Seed Records, 19 West 21 St. Suite 501, New York, NY 10010).* Monsterland's latest is packed with aggressive yet jangly guitars, occasionally crunchy chords and soaring harmonies which will put you in a positive frame of mind. Tracks with amusing song titles like "Jane Wiedlin Was A Go Go As We Know" and "Chewbacca" prove my point. The band manages to even tear into a little punk on the song "Girlfriend On Drugs" where the guitar subtly brings to mind the power chords of the Sex Pistols or The Damned. Altogether Monsterland have progressed substantially since *Destroy What You Love.* (CD) **-Alex**

The Moon Seven Times "7=49" *(Roadrunner Records, 536 Broadway, 4th Floor, New York, NY 10012).* Wow! This is very out of character from the label that has brought us Sepultura, Suffocation and Sorrow etc. (Ay...Whatever happened to Sorrow?) The Moon Seven Times reminds me of The Cranberries and all that trendy light/alternative music with the token girl singer, but is mellow yet powerful. I'm not really into this type of music, but I listened to it a few times and it grew on me. This CD is perfect for a guy that wants to give a girl the impression that he is not Satan and really does have feelings. Hint: hide your Deicide records, get this and score! My favorite tracks are "Knock" and "Guppy." (CD) **-Mike B.**

Morning Glories *(Headhunter/Cargo Records, 4901-906 Morena Blvd., San Diego, CA 92117-3432).* I never liked this band,and I still don't. Spacey guitar male/female vocals, a touch of noise...things we've all heard before. Heavier than past recordings but still just average. (CD) **-Spag**

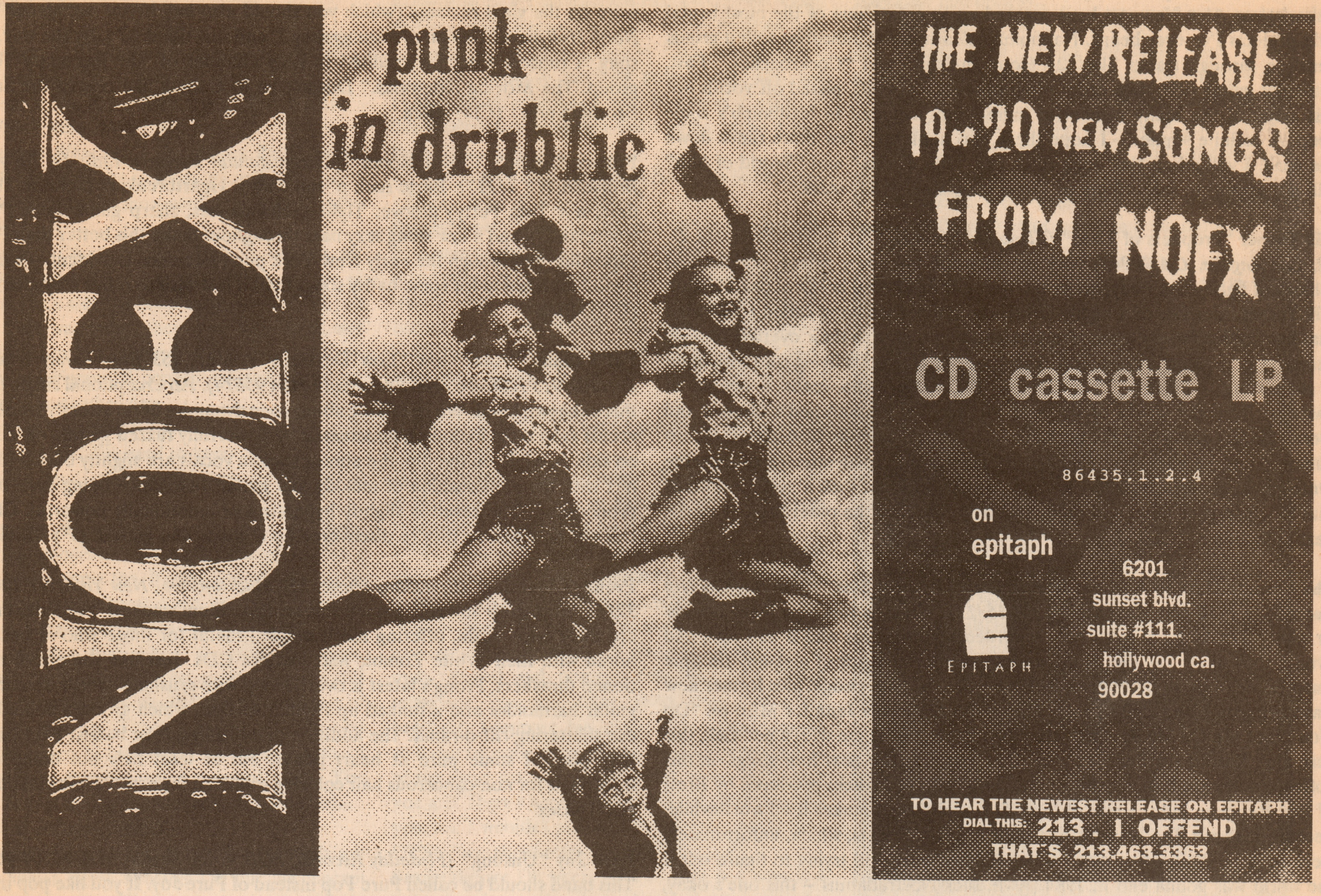
The Mortals "Bulletproof: Original Motion Picture Soundtrack" *(Estrus International, POB 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227).* Hot damn, I haven't heard a record this awesome in eons, no fuckin' joke! High volume rock n' roll stripped down to its bare essentials, yet still firmly rooted in the garage domain that Dave C.'s label is becoming slowly yet surely famous for. Cincinnati's Mortals kick into every tune with raw emotion and a classy mystique, thus creating an aura of excitability that perfectly combines the finer elements of yesterday (especially the monster treatment of the Q65's "So High I've Been, So Don I Must Fall") with the new found no-bullshit attitude of toady to keep you unkempt little fuckheads a thrill that could only be compared to be caught in the middle of a sexual milkshake with Racquel Welch (*1,000,000 Years B.C.*) and Jane Fonda (*Barbarella*) !!! Beautiful women, illicit drugs, guns, espionage, and great rock n' roll – what more can a man ask for? (CD) **-Joe**

Mother's Day "If I Only Had A Brain" *(Project A Bomb Records, POB 4233 Industrial Station, St. Paul, MN 55104).* Holy shit, this is a lot on entertainment! 35 totally fucked up songs, all going in different musical directions, from noise to funk to punk to folk, no two songs the same. Throw every type of music together, and you have Mother's Day. (CD) **-Spag**

Mount Shasta "Put the Creep On" *(Skin Graft Records, POB 257546, Chicago, IL 60625).* Noisy, chaotic rock that is not straight forward enough to be punk but certainly has some punk aspects to it. The singer has a high nasal scream that really enhances the power of the band – he sounds like my friend Jason. The best thing about this release is the artwork. My favorite picture on this CD is a cartoon drawing of a rugged looking cat being whipped by a topless cheerleader. (CD) **-Mike H.**

Mouse Trap "Lover" *(Grass Records, POB 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800).* I was not impressed with this band's first release, but this new one shocked the shit out of me. A mix between Drive Like Jehu and a variety of noise bands. Good heavy shit with hooky riffs. The vocals can be annoying at times, but the music overpowers them anyhow. Good shit if you're caught in a jam and don't know what to buy. (CD) **-Spag**

Nailbomb "Point Blank" *(RoadrunnerRecords, 225 Lafayette St., Suite 407, New*


NOFX
punk in drublic

THE NEW RELEASE
19 or 20 NEW SONGS
FROM NOFX

CD cassette LP

86435.1.2.4

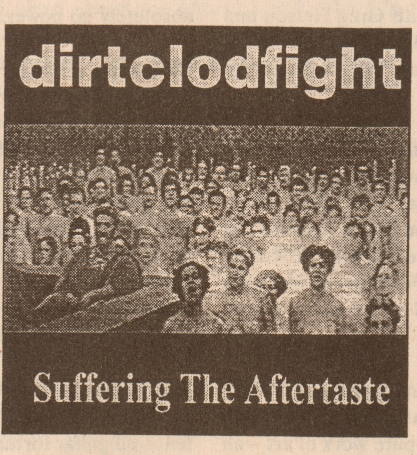
on
epitaph

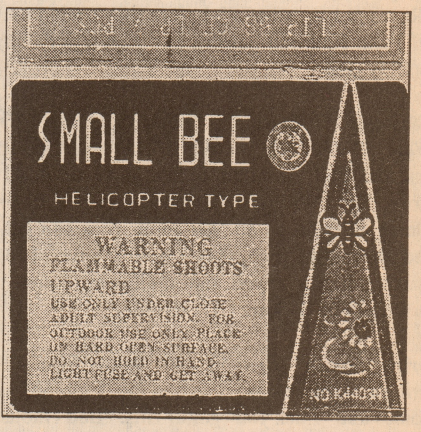
EPITAPH

6201
sunset blvd.
suite #111.
hollywood ca.
90028

TO HEAR THE NEWEST RELEASE ON EPITAPH
DIAL THIS: 213 . I OFFEND
THAT'S 213.463.3363

TVTV$
BORDER PATROL
666
We The Sheeple...


dirtclodfight
Suffering The Aftertaste


SMALL BEE
HELICOPTER TYPE
WARNING
FLAMMABLE SHOOTS UPWARD
USE ONLY UNDER CLOSE ADULT SUPERVISION. FOR OUTDOOR USE ONLY. PLACE ON HARD OPEN SURFACE. DO NOT HOLD IN HAND. LIGHT FUSE AND GET AWAY.
NO.K4403N

Three new releases from Flipside Records:

• TVTV$

"We The Sheeple" (Their second full length CD/CS)

• Dirtclodfight

"Suffering The Aftertaste" (Their third full length CD/CS)

• Paper Tulips

"Small Bee Helicopter Type" (CD EP of new material, but many bonus tracks!)

{For any other band information contact Flipside: POB 60790 Pasadena CA 91116}

York, NY 10012). Sepultura's guitarist/vocalist Max Cavalera and Fudgetunnel's guitarist/vox Alex Newport have teamed up to create one of the most brutal side projects I've ever heard. Nailbomb's death metal/industrial sound grinds carefree through tracks like "24 Hour Bullshit" and "Cockroaches." Fast, muscular guitar riffs, slick drum programming and gruff, pissed off vocals are just some of the many wonderful ingredients included in Nailbomb's sonic soup. A definite winner – I hope these two hook up a few more times down the road. I will admit that song titles like "Shit Pináta" and "World of Shit" will not appeal to subscribers of *Virtue* magazine. (CD) **-Alex**

Nik Turner "Prophets of Time" *(Cleopatra Records, 8726 S, Sepulveda, Ste. D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045).*Way out in some unknown galaxy, billions and billions of light years away, arose the lysergically altered being of one Captain Nik Turner, member of a highly influential space-rock band called Hawkwind that has inspired many a modern progressive artist with their overwhelmingly excessive intergalactic drug-jams. This time Mr. Turner is flying solo with quite a supporting – Psychic TV's Genesis P-Orridge (who reads a couple of passages from the works of Michael Moorcock), Pressurehed's Grenas and Doran Shelley along with the unrivaled master of E-max distorto-guitar, Helios Creed. As to be expected, *Prophets of Time* is an equal mixture of extreme synth music, acoustic instrumentation, and driving lunar rock n' roll, so swallow that tab, lose your mind and enjoy this wild ride into the outer regions of the next millennium. (CD) **-Joe**

The Nuns "4 Days In A Motel Room: Their Greatest Sins" *(Posh Boy/Get Hip Recordings, POB 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317).* Whoa, is this *New Wave Theater* or what? Tracks 1 - 9 were only recorded about a year and a half ago, and even if they never say die, Nuns sound like they're stuck in a skinny tie time warp. Some of these tunes actually have quite the heavy edge, plus former new wave princess Josey Cotton sings along with the lovely Jennifer Miro on "Do You Want Me On My Knees?" and "Just Do It." Beat me with a pet rock, this sure ain't Kansas (or Pearl Jam for that matter). The next four songs on this coffee coaster are basically hit or miss fare, with two tracks produced by Brett of Bad Religion, but the rest of the CD is really what makes it all worthwhile, because it shows The Nuns during their finest moments, which, unfortunately were back in 1980, when most of you kiddies were still trying to figure out if the world was gonna end in 1984. Awh, fuck Nostradamus – this one's okay, but I'd still rather identify Posh Boy with those great *Rodney on the ROQ* comps and influential bands like Black Flag, Agent Orange, and those two quasi-legendary hippie boys that used to be in a band with Greg Hetson and Ron Reyes (a.k.a. "Chavo") before they traded in their Black Flag buttons for Grand Funk Railroad hairdos and *Partridge Family* reruns. Hey, it works for me... (CD) **-Joe**

The Obsessed "Streetside" / "Blind Lightning" *(Columbia, 550 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-3211).* Whoah, the insert has some favorable reviews from Rollins and Phil Anselmo so it's gotta be good 'cause those guys are so hardcore, right? Wrong!!! Obviously they're suffering from tin ear because this is as lame as remarketed '70s guitar rock can get. If the Masters of Reality donned alternative garb, they'd be this pack of losers. For clueless bastards, this is the shit, but to you, the intelligent reader, this IS shit. Just be careful not to step in it. (2 Song CD) **-Groovy**

Offspring "Smash" *(Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd. #111, Hollywood, CA 90028).* Offspring's third release (second on Epitaph) is great driving punk with harmonies and "Fuck you" guitar riffs. "Bad Habits" is a pure work of art – all punk should be as in your face as that song. This record also includes a Didjits cover and a dandy little Cali style ska # "What happened to you?" One of Epitaph's best releases. PLAY IT LOUD OR STICK IT IN YOUR ASS!!! (CD) **-Spag**

Outsideinside "Six Point Six" *(Hell Yeah, POB 1975, Burbank, CA 91507).* Noisy garage rock with a slight psychedelic edge brought to you by west coast music luminary Lee Joseph (bassist in Yard Trauma, owner of the labels Dionysus and Hell Yeah). Lee's vocals are hoarse but likeable in a Mark Arm kind of way, his guitar playing ranges from simple choppy/ catchy, as in "Chaos, and "Desire" and he somehow pulls off some pert'y impressive feedbacking psycho wank on the 'shroom ready "Baklava" (cheese?), while the tight rhythm section bashes on. I know some of these tracks (like, the last two I mentioned) were on the vinyl releases (which you should also buy if you run across 'em: *North Hollywood: Capital of Pornography* 7" and self-titled 10"). By the way, the song "Crimson Witch" is credited to Billy Gibbons of "the legendary Texas group, The Moving Sidewalks." Doesn't he look sorta like one of the Smith Brothers now? (CD) **-Rich**

Pillbox "Jimbo's Clown Room" *(Circumstantial Records, Ltd., 12 7th Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11217).* Basic rock n' roll with a Heartbreakers (Johnny Thunders, not Tom Petty) groove. Tight performances, sharp guitar licks ("Nowhereland"), and a low slung sexy bass throughout make this better than I was expecting, and though the early New York punk influence is evident, it's more a solid foundation for some ballsy songs than it is a wish to relive a bygone era. (CD) **-Rich**

Pot Valiant "Volar" b/w "Low Dexterity Printer" *($3 from Sunny Sindicut Records, 915 L St. #C, 166 Sacramento, CA 95814).* An exceptional single from this unknown band. We're talking about song dynamics here: sweetly wounded vocals atop terse melodies, punctuated by powerfully fuzzed guitars on side A on side A, while on the flip, the almost spoken vocals are slightly buried in the mix with the juxtaposition of melody and guitar dissonance being even more pronounced. The result is slightly hypnotic and emotionally powerful. Check this out now before they're discovered by a major and gutted. (7") **-David**

Prong "Cleansing" *(Epic/Sony Music, 550 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-3211).* Stop, drop and roll. I smell smoke; this album smokes! Yes kidz, Prong are back once again, offering mosh minded metal for those who've become bored with their White Zombie and Pantera CDs. Just like the above mentioned thrashers, Prong's latest is overflowing with crushing chords, screaming guitar harmonics and a funked up rhythm section, which grooves behind the ear shattering riff-o-rama. The addition of ex-Killing Joke bassist Paul Raven may piss off some pure at heart punks, but at least he's not doing infomercials for non-cancerous hair coloring solutions for new wavers and punks. (CD) **-Alex**

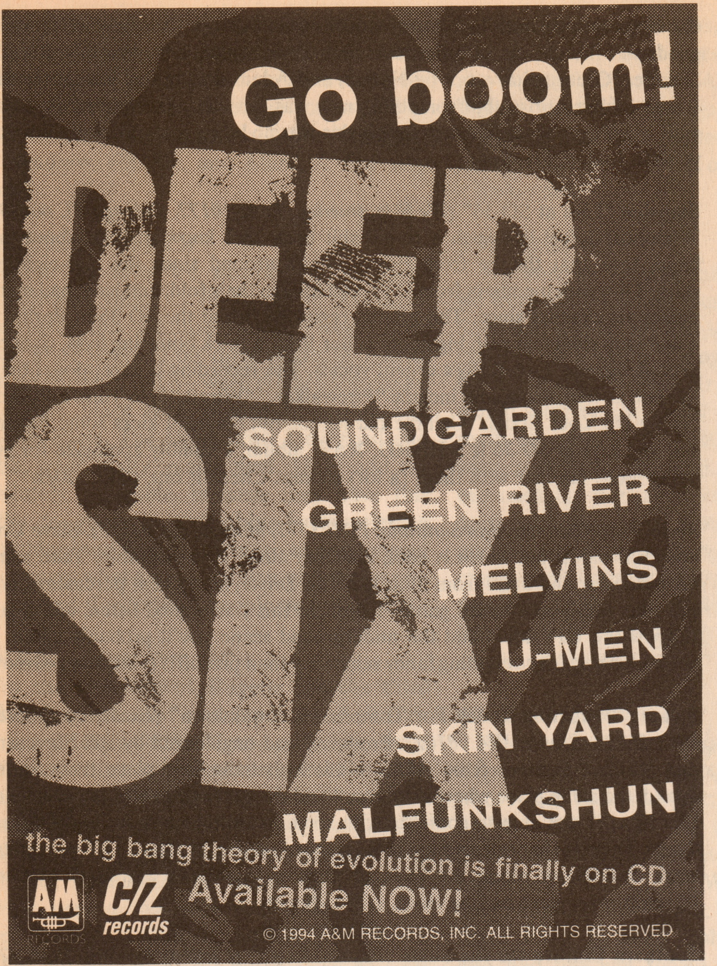
Pure Joy "Unsung" *(Flydaddy Records, POB 4618, Seattle, WA 98104-0618).* This band should be called Pure Pop instead of Pure Joy. If you like pop music with an English sort of sound then you might like this. It sounds like the type of music WDRE plays. I'm trying really hard not to rip this...but this CD has absolutely no power, aggression or balls. (CD) **-Mike Hymson**

Purpleman *(Paxton Records 516-781-5789).* Purpleman is a 3 piece band from my hometown Seaford. Seaford, as far as I know, never had any to do with any music scene unless you count Billy Joel's drummer Liberty Devito graduating from my high school. Big deal. They suck! But wait! Here's Purpleman... a combination of raw energy – Biohazard meet The Clash? At times, they do the rap groovecore stuff. Songs like "Scrape" and "Beautiful Ideas" remind me a little of Biohazard, while at other times they do almost a Clash reggae thing, as on "Birdance." Singer Keith also sounds kinda like Joe Strummer. Purpleman is a good band to see live because they're energetic and my band plays shows with them. Look for them and get their cassette! Seven songs, good production. (Cassette) **-Mike B.**

Red Transistor *(New York Eye and Ear Productions, 250 East Houston St. #5D, New York, NY 10002).* Not to be confused with the No-Wave noise outfit that featured guitar torturer Rudolph Grey (who has written a book about cult film hero/cross-dresser Ed Wood Jr. – can't wait to read that one!) *this* Red Transistor is basically a trés chic synth dance band that actually has some interesting moments despite my distaste for this type of pretension. I could see Rich or Groovy possibly liking this, but those expecting extreme aural damage should steer clear of this one. (Cassette) **-Joe**

Rick Sanford "Volume I" *(Dental Records, POB 20058 DHCC, New York, NY 10017).* Quirky pop music. It reminds me of They Might be Giants. Dental Records is also a great name for a label.**-Mike H.**

Run Westy Run "David's Drum" *(Big Money Inc., POB 2483 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402).* It's a miracle that I don't fall asleep listening to this



Go boom!

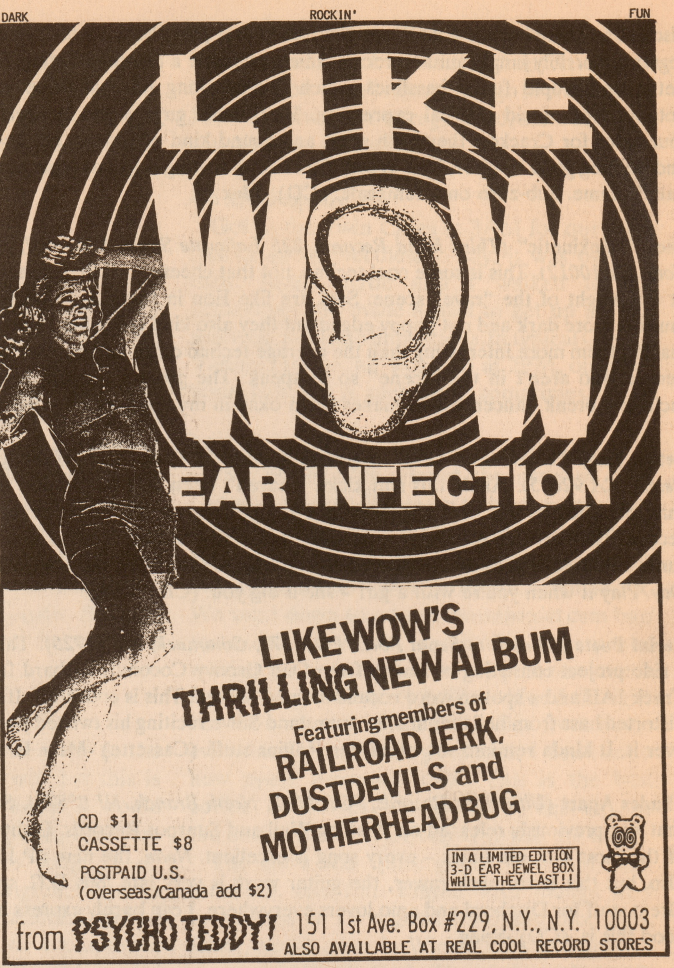
DEEP SIX

SOUNDGARDEN
GREEN RIVER
MELVINS
U-MEN
SKIN YARD
MALFUNKSHUN

the big bang theory of evolution is finally on CD

A&M RECORDS C/Z records Available NOW!

© 1994 A&M RECORDS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



DARK ROCKIN' FUN

LIKE WOW

EAR INFECTION

LIKE WOW'S THRILLING NEW ALBUM

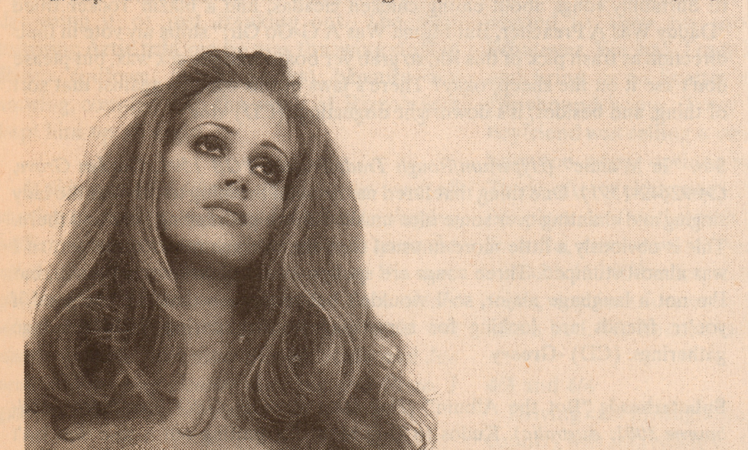
Featuring members of
RAILROAD JERK,
DUSTDEVILS and
MOTHERHEADBUG

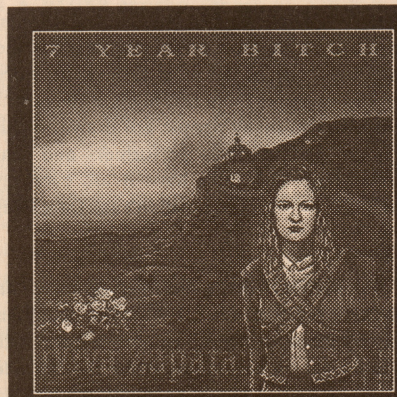
CD $11
CASSETTE $8
POSTPAID U.S.
(overseas/Canada add $2)

IN A LIMITED EDITION
3-D EAR JEWEL BOX
WHILE THEY LAST!!

from PSYCHOTEDDY! 151 1st Ave. Box #229, N.Y., N.Y. 10003
ALSO AVAILABLE AT REAL COOL RECORD STORES

The Atlantic Debut / Featuring "**D-Nice**," "**Off The A List**" and "**Gulf Coast Score**" / Produced by Surgery & GGGarth / Management: Kim White for Bullet Entertainment / The Atlantic Group © 1994 Atlantic Recording Corp. A Time Warner Company





7 YEAR BITCH
¡Viva Zapata!
LP/CD/CS

The second release before 7 Year Bitch moves on to the majors. Produced by Jack Endino.

Also available:
Sick 'Em
CD/CS

WRECK
El Mundo de Los Niños

WRECK
El Mundo de Los Niños
CD/CS

The first record in two years from Chicago's finest and their debut on C/Z. Produced by Jon Langford.

$8/LP·$8/CS·$12/CD postpaid
STORES: WE DEAL DIRECT

C/Z records Credit card orders call 1-800-ME SATAN
Send stamp for complete catalog: 1407 E. Madison #41 · Seattle WA 98122

disc, it's so damn boring. Run Westy Run is a power pop disaster which throws together horribly jangly guitars, vocals which resemble a (more) whining Tom Petty, and stupid funky basslines which don't belong on this three song potpourri of rancid musical expression. Hey, these guys would be perfect tourmates for Cracker: they both suck, and sound kind of similar. No hooks and nothing good to offer, Run Westy Run's song writing is just as lame as the band's name. Sub-zero on a ten scale. (CD) **-Alex**

Sect "Telekinetic" *(Third Mind Records, 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 407, New York, NY 10012).* This is some cool techno, not that cheesy stuff that came out at the height of the "rave" scene. Sect are like Eon in the sense that their music is more dark and not poppy edged but they also kind resemble Intermix, making them more interesting than the average techno outfit and accessible to people who aren't in the "scene" so to speak. The group's line-up doesn't include a break dancer, which makes them okay in my book. (CD) **-Groovy**

Sense Field "Killed For Less" *(Revelation Records, POB 5232, Huntington Beach, CA 92615).* Aaah, this shit kicks. I haven't been into Revelation stuff that much lately, but here's something I really enjoyed; it's just a beautiful record. The first five songs are incredible, especially "Found You" a kick ass tune. This record goes on the "love shelf" next to Senator Flux and Dag's *Field Day*. Play it when you're with a girl – she'll dig you. (CD) **-Spag**

Serial Poets *($3 cash to Serial Poets, POB 177, Commack, NY 11725).* This is a side project consisting of Jimmy from One Groovy Coconut, Richard from Track 1AB and a spoken word vocalist named Steven. This is cool stuff. It has distorted bass from hell, minimalist drums and Steve reciting his twisted poetry over it. It kinda reminds me of earlier Rollins stuff. (Cassette) **-Mike H.**

Shades Apart *(Ultraviolet Records, POB 5082, North Branch, NJ 08876).* Stuff that was previously released on Wishing Well and Sunspot Records. Eighteen of the most kick ass tunes – every song is excellent. *Neon*, the new LP kicks also, but this is so much rawer, the guitar work is very late '80s D.C. style. Great stuff for Dischord and emo lovers everywhere. I can barely express how good this is. (CD) **-Spag**

Shadow Project "In Tuned Out: Live '93" *(Triple X, POB 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529).* Shadow Project are one of the most prominent bands of the gothic movement; sadly I should say **were** one of the most prominent, since they are no more. On a lighter note, this captures them one night at the height of their popularity, and you can hear why so many people are drawn to this band. Rozz Williams and Eva O. are just fabulous performers and that definitely shine through on this recording. This does have it all, even my favorites "Static Jesus" and "Knight Stalker." As a fan I couldn't ask for a finer album. (CD) **-Groovy**

The Shambles "Fire" b/w "Louise" *(Perspective Records, Box 6425, Minneapolis, MN 55406).* Flower power! LSD! Where the fuck am I, 1966? The Shambles almost make me feel as if I'm actually there, as "Fire" catches my ear with some very groovy psychedelic pop and right on harmonies, while the flip side covers the Raider's "Louise" in way cool and highly spirited fashion. No overkill here, just two short yet very sweet songs that'll let you know "Where the Action Is." In addition, cover model Melissa Conrad looks like quite the dish. I want to be the seesaw. (7") **-Joe**

Shape Shifter *(Hypnobeat/Darkwave, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* A somewhat depressing album that also has lighter poppier moments, serving as breathers between the isolation and despair. The female vocalist has a rather sweet and young sound which goes well with lyrics, that at times could have very well been penned by a distraught teen. This isn't meant to be insulting, but I'm sure many teens would keep this near them alongside their sleeping pills and razor blades – I probably would. The male vocals are more mature but come across as being just as human. A really good listen. (CD) **-Groovy**

Shudder To Think *(Epic/Sony, 550 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-3211).* I would never review anything on Sony but Shudder is one of my favorite bands, although lately their live sets have been weak. What we have here is 5 old songs redone onto to 2-track with the new line-up. Craig's voice is really good, and the change of lyrics here and there is nice, but musically, it's still Shudder. Great guitar work by Nathan and Adam does a fine job on the kit. It was a big surprise that something new was put out, and the redone older stuff is a bigger shock. I'm not sure if this is even being released, but seek and ye shall find. (CD) **-Spag**

Slapshot "Live at SO 36" *(We Bite America, POB 10172, Chicago, IL 60610).* Whooooa! I feel like such a stupid shit because I know so little about this band, save that they're from Boston, been around since the mid-eighties, started out with members from DYS and SSD in their fold, and have had many personnel changes since. This album, recorded live at the SO 36 in Berlin, is a non-stop slam fest with big beefy guitar licks, a thick bouncing bass, right on drumming, and Jack Kelly's urgent vocals. The recording is exceptional for a live one as well, and tracks include "Firewalker," "Wired," "No Time Left" and "Hang Up Your Boots." Call me old school, but Slapshot kicks some fucking ass, and *Live at SO 36* is a HARD, RAW album; I humbly apologize for not being more familiar with them (a lot) sooner. Check it out. (CD) **-Rich**

Slave Unit *(Contact: Alan Sartirana, POB 3571, Moraga, CA 94575).* Slave Unit are DIY industrial, which is cool, and that alone is respectable. Take some neat movie sound bytes from films like *Taxi Driver*, heavy beat percussion, and mix that with gothic noize guitar. I thought this was a good listen, and if you support the DIY ethic and the underground scene you'll probably agree. If you're looking for something fancy schmancy than piss off!! (Cassette) **-Groovy**

Sleeper "Preparing Today For Tomorrow's Breakdown" *(Excursion Records, POB 20224, Seattle, WA 98102).* Produced and engineered by Bill Stevenson and Stephen Egerton from ALL, this is a melodic four piece from Staten Island, the same place where A.F. dwell and the garbage smells. It's surprising that Sleeper are able to come up with some beautiful tunes living on a giant dump. Their earlier releases are also included on this 24 song CD. Great guitar work throughout along the lines of Dag or American Standard. Stephen Egerton even plays on one track. (CD) **-Brent**

Southern Culture On the Skids "Peckin' Party" *(Feedbag Records, POB 428, Wilder, VT 05088).* Hot dang! Give a few hillbillies some Danelectro guitars, a cheesy ol' drum set and some Dick Dale and Link Wray records (by the way, Rich, that's spelled W-R-A-Y dammit! Don't forget it!) and what you receive is this yahoo trio who'd be as comfortable hangin' ten with some California "dudes" as they would be milkin' a stinky old cow. Well, somebody's gotta do it! Surfabilly songs about eating chicken cicadas, and a blazin' rocker titled "Daddy Was A Preacher, But Mama Was A G-Go Girl" shifts my vote in their direction as trash pick of this ish, so grab yer board and yer sex wax, but please don't use it on the sheep, okay? There's laws in this country against that sort of thing, and besides, it's downright disgusting! (CD) **-Joe**

Sow "Je M'aime" *(Hyperium/Rough Trade/Projekt, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591).* One thing that lured me in when listening to this was the lady singing and chanting over some nice music with whips cracking here and there. This is obviously a little more unusual then the average material we get, so I was almost stumped. Three songs are spoken in what I believe is French, but I'm not a language major, so I wouldn't bet money on that. This is good if you're friends are looking for something to play during S&M bondage gatherings. (CD) **-Groovy**

Splatterheads "Bot the Album" *(Dog Meat Records, GPO Box 2366V, Melbourne 3001, Australia).* Kudos to Dog Meat for putting out a disc that isn't jangly college crap, gr*nge, or anything else you've probably heard a million times by now. Splatterheads play cut-throat rock n' roll punk, a little like New York Dolls or early Ramones. Basic three chord progressions and pummeling percussion work tear through tracks like "Fish Biscuit" and "Fake Smile." Occasionally the vocalist sounds a bit like Eddy Vedder (strictly coincidence, I hope). However, don't let that bother you – this is oh, so fucking good. (CD) **-Alex**

The Spitters *(Funky Mushroom Records, POB 100270, Brooklyn, NY 11210).* Uh oh, Catholic school girls on the cover smoking cigarettes. **Punk rock** Catholic

ivy
lately
e.p.
featuring the single
"wish it all away"

SEED RECORDS

for more information, write to:
19 West 21 Street, Suite 501 • New York, New York • 10010

Transition.

SPINE
"Trenchcoat
tyrants
packing
a 9mm
grudge."
See Transition.
Live on tour
this Summer
SST

Also Available:

GonE the criminal mind (SST 300 LP/CA/CD)

GonE "Smoking Gun" (remixes) (SST 303 12"/CD5)

SST U.S.: P.O. BOX 1, LAWNDALE, CA 90260

MAIL ORDER INFO: CA $7.50; CD $12.00; LP $7.50; 12" Single $4.50; 5" CD Single $7.50. Make check or money order payable in U.S. funds to: SST RECORDS, P.O. Box 1, Lawndale, CA 90260. Visa, MasterCard and C.O.D. can order by calling (310) 652-6546. All orders shipped to California must include 8.25% sales tax. Write for a free catalog featuring SST, CRUZ and NEW ALLIANCE LPs, Tapes, CDs and quality merchandise.
Call the SST HOTLINE (310) 430-1794.

Visit the SST SUPER STORE featuring the entire SST, CRUZ and NEW ALLIANCE catalog of LPs, Tapes, CDs and merchandise: 8847 Sunset Blvd., W. Hollywood, CA (310) 652-6546.

MOMS LOVE IT...

PUD

-CHECK IT OUT-

NIGHTINGALES JULY 13th
(MANHATTAN)

CB-GB JULY 28th
(315 BOWERY NYC)

BETHEL FREEDOM FEST
(BETHEL N.Y.) AUG 19th

FOR A DEMO SEND 3 clams to
PUD
BOX 1368
SELDEN NY 11784
FOR FURTHER INFO (516) 732-1426

SQUIRRELS FROM HELL

HEAVY RAW

"This band has changed my life forever"

BOUNCY DARK FUN

The Splatter Effect, Jan 1994

TASTY FOCUSED

MONITOR

LOUD FAST

Five songs, available on cassette only.

To get yours, send $5.00 (make checks payable to W. Duggan) to:

TRUE LEAN

Squirrels From Hell, PO Box 123, Hellsville, NY 11802.

FOOT-STOMPING

Bring your own adjectives:

TIGHT DEMONIC

SATURDAY, JULY 2

NIGHTINGALE'S 213 SECOND AVE

BASIC POLISHED

7" Release on Shimmy-Disc coming soon!

PUNK IRONIC

school girls. Yeah, I know it's been done before, but it's proof positive that these cats come from the dark side. Spent minimalist noise meant to further corrupt the morals of America's white bread "House of Style" youth. I believe one of the guys from Missing Foundation has something to do with this, which doesn't surprise me based on the hellspawn created here. Disturbingly effective. (CD) **-Joe**

Spore "Fear God" *(Taang! Records, POB 51, Auburndale, MA 02166).* What a magnificent blast of noise this lot deliver! Yet, they understand that to keep all the dissonance interesting you have to have some melodic structures as well. Fortunately, they are aided in this task by the worthy efforts of a female vocalist who is adept at the nuances of harmony, while mounting a set of pipes that can deliver the goods when it comes to bloodcurdling shrieks as well. Punk blasphemy is not exactly new ground, but I still got a kick out of the lurid atheism of the title cut. (Cassette) **-David**

St. Johnny "High As A Kite" *(Caroline Records, 114 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10001).* These guys are a lot like Sonic Youth at times you can't tell the difference. Their major distinguishable feature is that they go right for the catchy hooks and don't cop out by resorting to massive walls of feedback to cover up the fact they don't have any new ideas, which has become a tactic used by SY. (Whew, I probably just pissed a few of ya's off with that line). This is full of noize, fuzz and sweet ol' raw energy and if I haven't said it a million times already, I love shit like this! I just hope these guys don't become one of those bands that are used to up the subscriptions for *Sassy*. (CD) **-Groovy**

Stabbing Westward "Ungod" *(Columbia/Sony, 550 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-3211).* INDUSTRIAL PUKE! (Cassette) **-Mike B.**

Stabbing Westward "Ungod" *(Columbia, 550 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-3211).* Jinkies, these guys are playing soon with Depeche Mode; they'll probably have cockfights with Martin Gore throughout the entire tour too! Honestly, other than that side comment there is nothing interesting going on here. Gr*nge meets industrial and that's just not my cup of piss. However, if it sounds like it could be yours, by all means indulge! (CD) **-Groovy**

Stanford Prison Experiment *(World Domination, 3575 Cahuenga Blvd. West, Suite 450, Los Angeles, CA 90068).* Guitar fueled rock that occasionally delves into punkier territory (due to the simplicity and style of riffs), but not enough for me. Some good wah wah blasts and thick basslines, but with the possible exception of the track "What's An Epidemic?" the songs are so nice and mid-tempo that the end result is about as satisfying as Chinese food. Not bad, but a bit too predictable and safe. Produced by the band and Dave Allen of Shreikback, if you care about that type of thing. (CD) **-Rich**

Sunbrain "Good Side" *(Grass Records, POB 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800).* One of my favorite albums I reviewed in this issue. Sunbrain is the best band on the Grass label, and Good Side is an album that will prove it. A fine mix of D.C. influenced stuff and a touch of Chapel Hill. Hard to describe because its so original and kick ass (read the interview for a better feel – I'm experiencing writer's block). "Liquid Resume" and "Good Side" are lyrical masterpieces of confusion and this record is an overall masterpiece. Check them out and buy both records on Grass. It's money well spent. (CD) **-Spag**

Sunny Day Real Estate "Diary" *(Sub Pop, 1932 First Avenue, Suite 1103, Seattle, WA 98101).* Dischord meets Dinosaur Jr. with more than favorable results. "Seven" is a fine blast of melodic sonority to open up the festivities, full of majestic pomp and circumstance fit for a king. The rest of this eleven song disc features dynamic extremities from the emo (Phillips?) side of the coin, going from very quiet to very LOUD and not being intimidated from using more psychedelic or acoustic elements to further define the musical capabilities of S.D.R.E. One more thing – credit Sub Pop for finding superior talent that could've easily gone unnoticed without their interest and support. (CD) **-Joe**

Superchunk "Foolish" *(Merge Records, POB 1235, Chapel Hill, NC 27514).* A big disappointment since *On the Mouth* because it's not as catchy or hooky as earlier stuff. It's been growing on me, but I'm unimpressed with this weaker sound. (CD) **-Spag**

Surgery "Shimmer" *(Atlantic Records, 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10019).* One of the *UTV* bastards had recently commented to me concerning Surgery: "I mean, c'mon man, if you think about it, they're a classic rock outfit." Well, I equate the term "classic rock" to be epitomized by some of these radio stations out here in the sticks who are still playing bands like Lynyrd Skynyrd and Led Zepplin, and though Surgery's guitar based throb could be the uglier bastard cousin of those bands at certain points on this album ("Low Cut Blues" for example), elements like the demonic bass picking and guitar assault that kickstart "D-Nice" blow away any affiliation with bands of the "classic" genre; rock n' roll yes, but there's more going on here than that. Call it **attitude**? A slower fizz and smoother taste than *Trim, 9th Ward, High Roller*, (mainly because of the breathless pacing on that EP) but still respectable. (CD) **-Rich**

Sweaty Nipples *(Megaforce Records, 210 Bridge Plaza Dr., Manapalan, NJ 07726).* Mr. Bungle meets Seattle! It starts off sounding like typical driving guitar music and then breaks into weird melodies and samples. A must for those who appreciate bizarre music. A spanish guitar is featured on "Rum Warrior" where singer Davey Nipples is basically bragging about masturbating. He repeatedly breaks into chorus, singing sweetly "Touch my cum." This is bordering on Bungle ripoff but who cares?!? You don't come across something like this everyday. (CD) **-Mike**

Cabaret Voltaire "International Language" *(Instinct Records, 26 West 17th St., #502, New York, NY 10011). International Language* continues Voltaire's step into dark ambience and what really amazes me is the band's ability to come up with fresh new material. A sample used says "Abandon Thinking", which might a neat way to listen to this. Question nothing, absorb it all and see where it takes you. Probably to Cloud 9. I'm coming down right about now. (CD) - **-Groovy**

Ted Can Swim "Dissected" *(Info: POB 70, Prince St. Station, New York, NY 10012).* Reviewing a demo tape is like being on a blind date; either everything is gonna totally suck, or you're in for one hell of a pleasant surprise. "Dissected" is the latter. Classifying the band would be totally overkill, but Ted Can Swim's musical stew is piping hot and ready to be consumed. Tracks like "Guatemalan Gluehead" and "Jack Dick" find the band dabbling with funky, psychedelic guitar and plenty of punky chord progressions. The hectic guitar, vocals, and slamming beats of "Catch the Bus" has the band lingering in early '80s hardcore territory. Something for all different tastes, Ted Can Swim are the 7-11 of bands. (Cassette) **-Alex**

Teengenerate "Sex Cow" b/w "Bad Boy" *(Estrus Records, POB 2125, Bellingham, WA 98225).* "Sex Cow," what else can I say? More twisted, done and dirty trash. This is very raw – it will shake the dentures out of mom's head! Fire up the barbecue, garb your girlfriends (ladies) and drink till you throw your back out. Yow! (7") **-John**

Thee Headcoats "Headcoatitude" *(Get Hip Recordings, POB 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317).* Once again, another fine release by the always prolific Billy Childish and his raving combo, who, because of *Heavens to Murgatroyd, It's Thee Headcoats* had already single handedly revitalized my interest in garage music after I though the whole enchilada was dead and buried long ago. The English Gentlemen of Rock and Roll once again prove that they are the motherland's hippest square cats who are more than willing to tear up your local pub with super cool three chord rawness, exemplifying what the true spirit of trashy garage rock is really all about. Thee Headcoats are here to teach you all a lesson, the lesson being that you don't have to be a fucking musical genius to write great music just as long as you know the roots of where it all began, and these English gentlemen know it better than anyone else. Get yourself some manners, child! (CD) **-Joe**

Total Chaos "Pledge of Defiance" *(Epitaph Records, 6201 Sunset Blvd. #111, Hollywood, CA 90028).* As punk as fuck. Very surprising for Epitaph to put this out. A good production for something that sounds like it came out of the '80s – a mix of AF and Discharge, and British punk bands. Good to kill to drive real fast to. Great dance parts with some death metal drum sounds, very impressive for today's imitation of classics. (Cassette) **-Spag**

PHOTO: DOMINIK HUBER

Hey, Fuckface! Whattaya mean New York doesn't have a scene?

Howzbout we slap you in the friggen' head with 32 fat pages of New York "Subterranean Music and Culture"? SOUND VIEWS ZINE #29 features Sweet Diesel, Iron Prostate, Orange 9mm, Joe Christ, Madder Rose, Railroad Jerk and Richard Barone. Plus: comix, tons of reviews, columns, classifieds, NY scene news and much more! Send $2ppd ($4ppd overseas) to: Sound Views, 96 Henry St., #5W-U, Krooklyn, New York 11201-1713. Still Available: SV#28 with Unsane, The Chimpanzees and Hell No & SV#27 with Garden Variety and others. Now shut the fuck up and read!

July 30th @ Brownies (169 Ave. A) Sound Views presents Iron Prostate, Garden Variety, Sweet Diesel, Hell No & The Chimpanzees!!!

$ea Monster

$ea Monster

CONTINENTAL

$ea Monster

25 3rd Ave, NYC

$ea Monster

SAT, JUNE 25

$ea Monster

$ea Monster

LOOKING FOR TOTALLY ROCKED-OUT STUFF?

JEWELRY, CLOTHES & ACCESSORIES!

HUNDREDS OF ALTERNATIVE TEE-SHIRTS & LONG-SLEEVES, COLLECTER TAPES, VIDEOS, COLLECTABLE VINYL LPS, 12", 7" RECORDS

WE BUY AND SELL DEMO TAPES, MEMORABILIA, PROMOS, RECORDS & CDS

Two Locations!

EAST VILLAGE
33 ST. MARKS PLACE
BETWEEN 2ND & 3RD AVE.
212.529.9070

WEST VILLAGE
118 W. 3RD STREET
BET. MCDOUGAL & 6TH AVE.
212.475.9524

Greetings from Basura!

FOREKSIN 500! new album out - now!

MILKCULT! COMING SOON!

TIMCO! COMING SOON!

BAKAMONO! COMING SOON!

Also look for special vinyl releases from Priss and Buccinator!

BASURA!

P.O. BOX 39789
LOS ANGELES, CA
90039
(213) 667-3258

BASURA! is distributed by PRIORITY RECORDS, INC.!

Trash Vegas "Grooveyard" *(Get Hip Recordings, POB 666, Canonsburg, PA 15317).* Even though these guys look like the Black Crowes caught in a Revlon factory explosion, the music luckily isn't such a nightmare. At first glance, the band photo on the cover would suggest that Trash Vegas are into nipple rings, gambling, hairspray, and of course, "Getting laid!" Actually, I discovered that this group is a raw, groove oriented rock n' roll punk band whose sound falls somewhere between the New York Dolls and Bad Company. Yeah, some of the bluesy, retro '70s riffs can become tiresome after a while (makes me wonder if these guys were once a Deep Purple cover band named Machine Head). Cheesy glam trash... with balls. (CD) **-Alex**

Tribes With Knives "You May Safely Graze" *(Red Decibel Inc., 2217 Nicollet Ave. South, Minneapolis, MN 5504).* If Alice In Chains were gothic, and more dreamy, they may sound like Tribes With Knives. Even though the Tribe show promising signs of musicianship and semi-interesting song writing, the group's monotonous use of guitar chorus effects winds up making this album dull and boring in terms of technical approach. Better moments on this disc appear on the moody "Bedrooms of Worry" which combines the serenity of dreamy, layered guitars with the deep, gothic vocals provided by bassist/vox Adam Marfisi, whose voice at times resembles Layne Stayley's of Alice In Chains. Add a punchy hook in the chorus on this track and you have one song out of ten that sticks out like gold in a dumpster. Grade: B for boring. (CD) **-Alex**

Tsunami "Be Like That" b/w "Newspaper" *(Simple Machines, POB 10290, Arlington, VA 22210-1290).* Yet another Tsunami 7" from a great pop band. They are the godsisters of DC pop these days and here on their new beautifully packaged 7" we get yet two more great songs. Jenny and Kristin's voices are so powerful lately it's great. I have a feeling there's going to be a big Tsunami explosion this summer. (7") **-Spag**

Tumbleweed "Sundial" *(Seed Records, 19 W. 21st St., Suite #501, New York, NY 10010).* Rolling a perfect joint can be quite time consuming, so what you need is a little background music to keep you motivated, and Tumbleweed gets the job done. This Australian band's use of heavy, droning guitars and lyrics like "Living under a mushroom cloud" work well on late '60s power chord stoner-fest tracks like "Acid Rain" and "God." Tumbleweed's successful use of hypnotic harmonies sound like something Kings X would do, while the group's slightly fuzzy guitar sound may bring to mind Jimi Hendrix or Cream. Overall, this is perfect music for those lazy, red eyed days when you've got the munchies. (CD) **-Alex**

TVTV$ "We the Sheeple" *(Flipside Records, POB 60790, Pasadena, CA 91116).* Blaze James, *Flipside* columnist, is back with easily digested west coast flavored rock n' roll and the message, as always, is WAKE UP! Though nothing here comes close to the hum-ability of "Money I Owe" off *Rap Music Is Killing America*, there is still that sarcastic edge (but no obvious political agenda) on songs like "Marlboro Kisses," and covers of "Taxman" and Eddie Money's "Baby Hold On." Still waiting for the Babyland CD to come out... (CD) **-Rich**

Usherhouse "Flux" *(Cleopatra Records, 8726 S. Sepulveda, Suite D-82, Los Angeles, CA 90045).* Usherhouse's *Molting* CD last year was a pleasant surprise, so I was kinda waiting for this. This time around, Usherhouse has a slightly more rigid (but I wouldn't call it "industrial") base. Joe is here right now, and *he* says it sounds like early Killing Joke. Yeah, it does, but its definitely got its own thing going, as the thunderous thump on the apocalyptic "Catalyst" will attest to. Usherhouse is a guitar driven rock band with a dark undertow you should check out. (CD) **-Rich**

V/A Crossed Out/ Man Is the Bastard *($3 from Chris Dodge, c/o Slap A Ham Records, POB 420843, San Francisco, CA 94142-0843).* This is pretty cool; a split 7" with twelve songs on it. The Crossed Out stuff is *very* heavy grindcore, and you won't caught a breath on this side at all. The Man Is the Bastard side is slower and has these weird string scraping noises all through it. Best song title: "Screwdriver In the Urethra of Thomas Lenz." Something cool to add to your collection – thanks Chris! On grey vinyl. (7") **-Rich**

V/A Farckus Affair "Mazurka"/ **Sinatra '65** "Fabric of Self" *($3 from Motherbox Records, 60 Denton Ave., East Rockaway, NY 11518).* Farckus Affair kick ass, very melodic. You can tell they like Seaweed and know how to play. Great guitar riffs, changing vocal harmonies, melodies, you name what it takes to make a good punk song, and it's got it. Sinatra '65 – quick driving punk rock that breaks down. Good song structure, and the vocals aren't bad; overall, a good song. Send Motherbox three bucks or go find this fine 7" of local bands. (7") **-Spag**

V/A Malachi Krunch "This Will Be On Your Permanent Record" / **Maggot** "From the Cradle to the Grave" *(Stinky Twinkie Communications, POB 1271, New Haven, CT 06505).* Holy crust stains Batman! Co-released with Computer Crime Records, Malachi Krunch gets scumcored out fast and furious with two dirty little ditties, and if the picture I saw in *MRR* doesn't fail me, the singer kinda looks like Spag! Oooh, spooky. Maggot's roar features slow to mid to fast tempo thrash punk that packs a mean wallop with some pretty convincing words to back it up. Intangible redeeming factor: At least the record doesn't smell. Remember kids, personal hygiene is important! (Split 7") **-Joe**

V/A Sunbrain "Pressure Face" "Resume"/ **The Remedy** "I Try" *(52 Elm St., Clemson, SC 29631).* Sunbrain's "Pressure Face" was released on *Perfection Lies* but this recording is really raw. "Resume" is on the new LP, *Good Side* on Grass, and is also a great recording of a different version of this song, showing how versatile the band is. Remedy's B side is a mellow acoustic song that kicks in, very similar to Sunbrain but not with enough balls to make me wet. (7") **-Spag**

V/A "California Dreaming" *(FFRR Records, 825 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10019).* What's more annoying than seeing a yeast infection commercial on TV while eating dinner? Techno! What made me decorate my toilet bowl with yesterday's lunch? Techno! Why won't I bother reviewing this disc? It's techno! 'Nuff said. Barf! *[Just for that Alex, no more techno for you! -Rich]* (CD) **-Alex**

V/A "Corporate Death" *(Relapse Records, POB 251, Millersville, PA 17551).* This compilation gives the consumer a lot for his/her money; 29 songs and over 70 minutes of music. All the bands are very extreme. Most of the bands are typical death metal/grindcore stuff. The best thing about this compilation is the sense of humor that runs throughout it – they poke fun at the huge multinational corporation known as Relapse Records, the conglomerate that has made my buddy Matt a millionaire. Hey Matt, how about a loan?**-Mike H.**

V/A "Corporate Groupings" *($3 from Burnt Sienna Records, 207 Powhatan, Columbus, OH 43204).* Better than average comp featuring four stylistically different bands from Ohio. Side A leans heavily towards the melodic side, featuring Girly Machine, who performs some Simple Machines-like space pop on "Final Kiss," and Vibralux (great name), whose "Wastin'" sounds like a Blondie/Velocity Girl hybrid complete with pretty vocals and carnival-esque keyboards. The B side gets mucho primitive as Bloody Discharge a.k.a. "The Feminine Mystique Goes Awry" gets real crusty while bitchin' about "Penis Envy," filled with "I hate men" lyrics that had me rolling on the floor, although they'd probably hate **me** for laughing at 'em. Big deal. Chanel No. 5 rounds out the line-up with "Armchair P.I.," very basic pops sans bass that evokes images of Beat Happening and the Spinanes without entirely sounding like either band. Definitely worth the three bucks. (7") **-Joe**

V/A "Not Just Lip Service" *($3 from Mass Media Records, POB 2692, Costa Mesa, CA 92626).* This has been out for a few months now, and the message behind it is pretty appropriate. Bands like Autonomy, Vex, Firing Squad, Litmus Green, Primitive Tribes and Social Insecurity are featured to emphasize that "Punk Belongs To Punks Not The Businessmen". The bands' lyrics are also intelligent and inspiring, and truly represent that "punk is a movement of social change," and not a trendy Sears catalog fashion. (7") **-Groovy**

V/A "Plug In & Turn On" *(Instinct Records, 26 West 17th St., #502, New York, NY 10011).* This is a compilation of 8 ambient, trance outfits the most recognized being GTO and Cabaret Voltaire. What's most relieving about this comp is that it doesn't suck. The future for electronic music really looks promising, and outfits like Prototype 909 and Human Mesh Dance renew my faith in the genre. Though I could name all the artists featured here, I'd rather encourage you to look into this and be uplifted. (Double CD) **-Groovy**

V/A "The Promises of Silence" *(Projekt, POB 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1-*

LUNGE

the debut single

"Deli-Head"/"Union"

7 inch vinyl and cassette
available on

Art Fist Records and Tapes

233 Frankel Blvd
Merrick, NY 11566

PO Box 732
Amityville, NY 11701

MACHINE CODE

The Puppet People

Post Electro-Industrial Music
High Resolution techno tragedies

Four Song Cassette Release
$2.00

Look for OUR full length release this summer!!!

Please send cash, check or money order to:
Solo Flight Music
19 Holly Drive
East Northport, NY 11731

We can be reached at:
516-757-3130

Checks payable to Mark Allison!

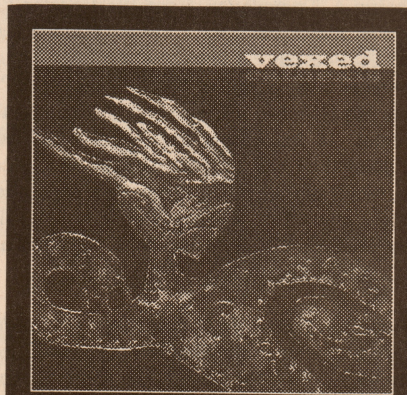
GET THE 'NEW' CASSETTE FROM:

dystopia

BITCHES & BASTARDS

SEND $2 CASH TO:
DYSTOPIA
36 CENTRAL PARK RD.
PLAINVIEW, NY 11803

original,
alternative,
industrial?



VEXED
Cathexis
CD/CS

Second full-length release from one of the most indescribable bands in Seattle's history. Heavy rhythmic bombast.

Also available:
The Good Fight
12" EP/full-length CD

THE GITS
ENTER: THE CONQUERING CHICKEN

THE GITS
Enter: The Conquering Chicken · CD/CS

The long-awaited final release from Seattle's now legendary punk heroes. Poignant.

Also available:
Frenching The Bully
CD/CS

$8/CS · $12/CD postpaid
STORES: WE DEAL DIRECT

C/Z records Credit card orders call 1-800-ME SATAN

Send stamp for complete catalog: 1407 E. Madison #41 · Seattle WA 98122

591). An international compilation that gathers experimental ethereal groups and artists from all over the globe. There are 13 artists in all, and over 78 minutes of some beautifully enticing works. What make this even more interesting is the way the artists may use different means to make their music, but in the end all the pieces have a common bond in the sense that they overwhelm you with an incomparable natural beauty. (CD) **-Groovy**

V/A "Raisins and Vomit" *(Ratfish Records, POB 381869, Cambridge, MA 02238).* A pretty superior comp of unknowns here. On side A, the bottom heavy angst rock of Corn and Big n' should not fail to delight you, while things on the flip take a somewhat livelier turn with the whirlwind punk of Razorwire. Legendary Lunch continue the miasma of muddy guitars by which they introduce and conclude their cit. Ratfish is releasing some interesting stuff these days; check them out and impress your friends by being part of the indie avant garde. (7") **-David**

V/A "Refuel: Eight More Bands from Athens and Atlanta" *(Self Rising Records, POB 445, Athens, GA 30603).* Bravo! A highly righteous idea by someone who's as pissed off about the state of his (or hers? No offense, but it's hard to decipher gender classification of someone who goes by the name of Chris when I have never met that person to begin with. Sorry if I'm being an asshole, it's just my nature) geographical music are as I am about mine, only Chris seems like he's got a lot more to gripe about. Coming from Athens, I'm sure he had to experience people coming into the music scene who just wanted to latch on and be "alternative" (a rousing "puke"), thereby succumbing to the same fate that would later have to be endured by the fine people of Minneapolis and Seattle as well. At least he's making the effort to **do** something about it, and *Refuel..* is the result. The eight bands on this 74 minute CD may not change the world, but some of 'em have a shot at something better than mere homogenization. Noteworthy: Slumberjack (somewhere between REM, Jawbox, and The Jesus Lizard), Fiddlehead (dynamic, chaotic, poppy, noisy, how many adjectives do you need?), Bob (weird art groove featuring razor sharp guitar wah and other abrasive throbbings), and the essential Harvey Milk (Whoa! Incredibly massive! Loud, terrified disciples from The Melvins' school of sonic destruction. Can you say Godlike?). Okay, it may not be perfect, but it sure makes my day. (CD) **-Joe**

V/A "Teenage Velvet Elvis Christ: A Compilation from Westchester and Danbury" *($5, checks payable to Alex Bemis, c/o T.V.E.C. World Headquarters, 9 Rockhagen Rd., Thornwood, NY 10594).* Once I saw the cover, which has a statuette of the Virgin Mary perched atop a can of Spam, I knew this 'un would give me a craving for some Ho Ho's and a 40 oz. Colt 45, even on the muchly boo-hooed cassette format. 18 brain-fried noiserock bands from downstate NY and Connecticut doing their best to roast my skull on a spit in a show of mentally unstable bliss, totally unsuitable for the average cheeseball. Unholy Swill's side-splitting dialogue about the time they interviewed that silly Natas-worshipping namby-pamby jerk King Diamond also helps make this one worth the $5 admission price. (Cassette) **-Joe**

V/A "Winter's Mist" *(Silver Girl Records, POB 161024, San Diego, CA 92176).* This one's perfect for the K Records crowd, although adventurous souls may like it too. Side A features Veronica Lake (great band name, great alcoholic actress, great hairdo) performs a reverbo-acoustic tribute to the lovely Diana Rigg while the Serenas grace us with some warped, out of tune pop cuteness, and side B gives us a sort of retro feel with Huck's groovy quasi-psychedelic love rock followed by Snowball's Georgy Girl-like bubblegum candyverb, perfect for softening up that cute Riot Grrl you've been fantasizing about lately. Very lo-fi and very enjoyable, but sorry, I'm far too corrupt to even consider becoming Amish. (7") **-Joe**

The Vandals "Sweatin' to the Oldies: The Vandals Live" *(Triple X, POB 862529, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2529).* Hey gang it's the Vandals, those punk rock kooks from that *Suburbia* movie. Well at least that's how I remember them, singing "The Legend of Pat Brown," which for the record seemed a lot cooler on the movie soundtrack then on this CD. Basically, what you'd expect from an old time favorite that should've called it quits when the original members left... Well, there's one left. This may make some oldies break a sweat but I couldn't help busting out the yawns... (CD) **-Groovy**

Velocity Girl "¡Simpatico!" *(Sub Pop, 1932 First Avenue, Suite 1103, Seattle, WA 98101).* Aaah, my love Sarah is back with yet another great pop record. This album is way different for the band's other stuff, not nearly as noisy, probably because John Porter produced this, the same English guy who produced The Smiths. I also hear that this pop sensation of a record is going to be distributed by a label named Warner Bros., I guess because *Copacetic*, their last release was Sub Pop's biggest seller second to Nirvana's *Bleach*. I feel *¡Simpatico!* will do even better because it's more listener friendly and has lots of radio potential. Enjoy Velocity Girl now, 'cause I feel it'll all be over when they hit the Top 40 radio waves. (CD) **-Spag**

Venison "Well Oiled Machine" *(Big Money Inc., POB 2483 Loop Station, Minneapolis, MN 55402).* Venison: 1). The delicacy (cooked deer meat usually served in lousy German cuisine restaurants) sucks; too chewy. 2). The band (something which should have never formed) sucks; too sloppy. A loud, lousy rock n' roll band is what Venison are all about. Meaningless guitar-slop chords, weak drumming, and flat, annoying vocals try to take over this album like communists in a house of democracy. Wailing, Quicksand style guitar riffs on "The Son" are second rate, making these no talents the Five Stooges of emocore, while "Ewe," with its bluesy chords and southern twang, comes off sounding like the Georgia Satellites on a bad day. Most definitely, I won't be passing this CD on to my grandchildren. (CD) **-Alex**

Waldo the Dog Faced Boy "Tingle" *(WIN Records, POB 26811, Los Angeles, CA 90026-0811).* What a stupid band name. Why don't they change it to something more current, like say, Bill the Presidential Letch? Other than that, the music is quite intriguing, crossing choppy art rock with trombone that for some strange reason reminds me of Tragic Mulatto, only not as grating on the nerves as the former avant-noise outfit was. Whereas most bands would fail in being so eclectic, this band pulls it off pretty well, but that name's gotta go. It reminds me of some shitty WDRE-type hypescum, a category that WTDFB doesn't fit into based upon the strength of their approach to creating a unique aural tonality that escapes genre classification. (CD) **-Joe**

Walking Seeds "Rollin' Machine" *(Fist Puppet Records, 3058 N. Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Il 60618).* Ahhh...Cool buzzing noisy guitar with distorted vocals, pretty straight forward Am Rep meets Touch and Go sound. This is good shit to listen to in your favorite bar while drinking Woodpecker. The B side is a bit more '70s or earlier '80s influenced with a '90s attitude. (7") **-Spag**

Xavier Cross "SuperheavypowerGodthing" *(IGC Records, POB 747, Landsdowne, PA 19050).* Michael Brighton from *Gear* magazine's drum machine based industrial fused with noisy guitars and distorted vocals, a formula that you really can't screw up on too bad. I found the underlying sexual connotations in songs like "Leatherette Ride" actually quite tiresome. "You want to take me in!..." I'm sure talk like that goes over real well the ladies, you dirty boys. The redeeming track on this is "Genocide", which bashes the government about being rather violent. I found the band photo contradictory to that statement, because one of the fellas is trying to look all mean with a knife in his hand. Bad ass! (CD) **-Groovy**

Zipgun "Baltimore" *($10 from Empty Records, POB 12034, Seattle, WA 98102).* Whoa, Nellie! Whiffing speed, swillin' Jim Beam, shagging with Susie in a GTO bored out to 500HP while listening to *Group Sex* by the Circle Jerks, hot damn, I'm excited! Autobahn-caliber steamroller punk featuring some nerd hammering on a Flying V and a singer who wears funny lookin' torn up pants that were probably bought at Cat Butt's garage sale, but hey, imagine a gig with Zipgun, Gas Huffer, and the Supersuckers minus all those stupid drunken old schoolers who are too cool to slam dance at shows (you know the type). Man, I'd be in Heaven. The high end tinnitus production by Scott Benson makes me wanna crush my head in a vice, but sometimes that's highly therapeutic and lotsa fun, too! Don't delay, buy right away, and tell'em Joe sent ya. (CD) **-Joe**

Zoinks "Sapsucker Sluggo" b/w "Brawler" *($3 from Teree Barnes, 1229 Ralston St., Reno, NV 89507).* This is *really* good Cali style melodic punk with driving drums and guitars with song structures. "Sapsucker Sluggo" is fuckin' great – I'm can't believe how impressed I am. Write and send 'em three bucks, you won't be disappointed. (7") **-Spag**

No stupid-ass, jangly, shoegazing, geek-laden major label for the "alternative nation" college-shit here. Just pure fuckin' punk.

BIG SNIFF
WE'RE ONLY IN IT FOR THE $

BIG SNIFF
Mint 8: *We're Only In It For The $ 7"*
Better than Greenday!

EVERGLADE
Mint 9: *Ten Seconds Flat 7"*
Better than Helmet!

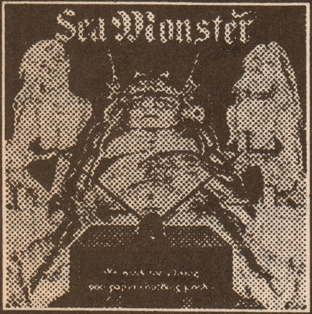
RAG
Mint 10: *Junk 7"*
Better than The Breeders!

ONLY THREE BUCKS OUT OF YOUR ALLOWANCE CHECK! ADD $1 OVERSEAS.

MintTone Records, 84-29 153rd Avenue, #LCD
Howard Beach, New York 11414, Tel. # (718) 848-7398

MINT TONE

Sex, Drugs and The Ghost Of Elvis!



SEA MONSTER
We Work For A Living...
Sexy & horrific surf-punk
4-song green vinyl 7"

THE SKELS
THEN WE'LL SEE

THE SKELS
Soon I'm Gonna Fall
Twangy moody folk-rock
2-song black vinyl 7"

BOTH RECORDS ONLY $3.50PPD EACH!

[Distributed by Dutch East India, 212.675.0922]

ALSO AVAILABLE: *UNDER THE VOLCANO 'ZINE:* $2PPD

WINGED DISK RECORDS
P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767

---

garden Variety

LP $6
CD $8
OUT NOW!

GERN BLANDSTEN

305 Haywood Drive
Paramus, NJ 07652
U. S. A.

Classifieds

Up To 50 Words For $2 (Cash)

BORDERLINE PRESS CHAPBOOKS featuring the writing of Terry Everton: *some days dismemberment is the only love there is*, *crapped out on the delayed postage front*, and *lifting a toast to sausage lint and monty's phlegm*. "One of the funniest, strangest poets I've ever read" – Joe Bob Briggs. Send $2 for each title to: **Borderline Press, P.O. Box 741178, Arvada, CO 80006-8178.**

I will buy your punk/new wave 45 record collection, whole or part. Call Bill at (516) 378-9116.

THE SHADOW OF RETRIBUTION magazine issue one has interviews with Eleven Shadows, Lycia, Geko, and Wreckage plus much more. $4.50 ppd. to "E. Seale." Overseas add $3. Send contributions, questions (w/S.A.S.E.), orders, or material to review to: **In the Shadow, c/o Eric Seale, RR3 Box 463, Greenville, IL 62246.**

FREE CATALOG with tons of cheap out of print releases, hardcore, punk, industrial and alternative in all formats. Send a stamp for a huge 12 page catalog. **Round Flat Records, 63 Lennox Avenue, Buffalo, New York 14226-4226.**

#2 NEW FANZINE STARTING in New York City and covering here, Long Island, and New Jersey. Bands, labels, send stuff for review. **#2 c/o Keith Werwa, 512 East 5th Street, Apt 2-4, New York, NY 10009.** Thanks.

EGG: "Midwestern Micro Label." Featuring SPEED LUXURY: Manic surf rock. CD EP $9.00 post paid. Also Lisa Germano's first LP, $12.00 post paid. Send S.A.S.E. for catalog. **EGG, P.O. Box 30253, Indianapolis, IN 46230.**

FREE MUSIC! That's right, the first solo cassette of STEVE FALLON, "Heart and Muscle," is FREE for the asking! Great punk ala Ramones, Buzzcocks, etc! It's FREE, why should you pay? Live shows also coming soon. For your FREE copy, write: **Steven Fallon, P.O. Box 1118M, Bay Shore, NY 11706.**

Alternative/Music/Culture/Occult Catalog – FREE Catalog Available from **Moon Mystique, Dept. UTV, 614 W. Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657-4529.** Wholesale Available!

Spill your melancholy idealism over my obscene plaster facade. FUTILITY scoffs at life while bathing in a jar of self-pity. Issue one OUT NOW! $2 cash. Seeking contributions for number two. **FUTILITY, 258 Ashley Ave., West Springfield, MA 01089.**

MISS HELL PRODUCTIONS mailorder/wholesale distro wants you! Please send sample and prices of your vinyl, cassettes, CDs, zines and comics. Retail inquiries welcome. Send S.A.S.E. for current catalog. **MIIP, P.O. Box 155, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.** Phone: 212/989-1775 ext. 1100

POWERPOP/PUNK/METAL: Out of print major and indie cassette and CD deletions cheap! Cassettes $2.99 - $3.99, CDs $4.99 - 10.99. Free flyer/catalog update. Just write: **Infernal Racket, Studio 124, P.O. Box 443, Owosso, MI 48867-0443** (Overseas send IRC).

PUNK/ALTERNATIVE LPs, CDs, cassettes, comics, videos, new and used. Tons of 7" vinyl. Labels include: Sub Pop, Siltbreeze, Amphetamine Reptile, etc. Send stamp for catalog jammed with over 1000 items to: **Overbite Records, P.O. Box 421, Wynantskill, NY 12198.**

COLLECTION of over seventy Beatles records for sale. Single and double albums, studio, live, solo, and interviews. Also selling John Lennon *Two Is One* lithograph (2nd printing, 1990), and R.E.M. *Out of Time* limited edition portfolio signed by Peter Buck and Bill Berry. Call **516/598-1897.**

LIVE PSYCHIC TAROT Love, Money, Know Your Future. Talk live one on one NOW!! **1-900-820-3055.** Ext. 8134. $3.99 per minute. Must be 18 years old. Procall Co. (602) 954-7420.

GET A MAJOR RECORD DEAL! SONG SEEKERS gives info on all record labels buying songs and signing new acts, RIGHT NOW. GREAT articles on recording, MIDI, demo reviews, and much more...Everything you need in one monthly magazine. $4.95 payable to: **Rose City Music, P.O. Box 34368, Detroit, MI 48234.**

HATE VALENTINE'S DAY AND LOVE JUNGLE BOOTS? Buy KARASS #2, a depressing zine with poetry, fiction, and art. Featuring "The Pessimist." "Maybe all this loneliness is the reason." Send a dollar and your address to: **KARASS, P.O. Box 140610, Staten Island, NY 10314-0610.** "We must endeavor to end this madness."

Attractive, sexy WF, 22 curious/bi with handsome, muscular boyfriend seeks sexy, attractive, unihibited, bi-female, 18-28 to help fulfill our curiosites/ fantasies. Be discreet and disease free. For action, send An S.A.S.E. to: Under the Volcano, Attention: Personal 1, P.O. Box 236, Nesconset, NY 11767.

COWPATCH - Buffalo Springfield meets Sonic Youth, coming soon on Winged Disk!

Jimbo's
clown room
PILLBOX
N.Y.C.

PILLBOX

"THE EPITOME OF THE ARCHETYPAL, HONEST ROCK AND ROLL BAND... A PASSION UNHEARD OF SINCE THE HEYDAY OF THE DOORS, THE STOOGES AND MC5!"

OPEN UP PILLBOX'S DEBUT CD "JIMBO'S CLOWN ROOM", AVAILABLE AT ALL STORES WHO STOCK ROCK & ROLL.

SEE AND HEAR WHAT'S IN PILLBOX, ON TOUR IN '94!

DISTRIBUTED BY R.E.D.
MAIL ORDER TO: CIRCUMSTANTIAL, 12 7th AVE.,
BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11217

CIRCUMSTANTIAL
© 1993 CIRCUMSTANTIAL RECORDS

THE CHISELER TIMES

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO CHISEL"

THE CHISELERS

THE CHISELERS TOOK THE STAGE AT THE CONTINENTAL ON THIRD AVE & ST. MARKS PL. WITH A VENGEANCE. IT WAS OBVIOUS TO THIS REPORTER THAT THE CROWD WAS IMPRESSED THE BEST DAMN SET OF ORIGINAL MODERN MUSIC THAT I HAVE HEARD IN A LONG TIME. THE CHISELERS SET WAS PLAYED WITH SUCH PRECISION THAT EVEN LONG TIME FANS WERE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED. YOU COULD TELL THE BAND PSYCHED. THE CHISELERS HAVE ALWAYS GIVEN THEIR SHOWS 100% AND IT SOUNDS LIKE IT HAS PAYED OFF. FORGET THE TOURIST TRAPS LIKE CBGB'S; THE CONTINENTAL HAS TAKEN OVER AS THE COOLEST PLACE TO BE ANY NIGHT OF THE WEEK AND IS A NATURAL SETTING FOR THE CHISELERS. CHECK THE LOCAL LISTINGS IN THE VILLAGE VOICE AND THIS PUBLICATION FOR MANY MORE SHOWS AT THE WORLD FAMOUS CLUB.

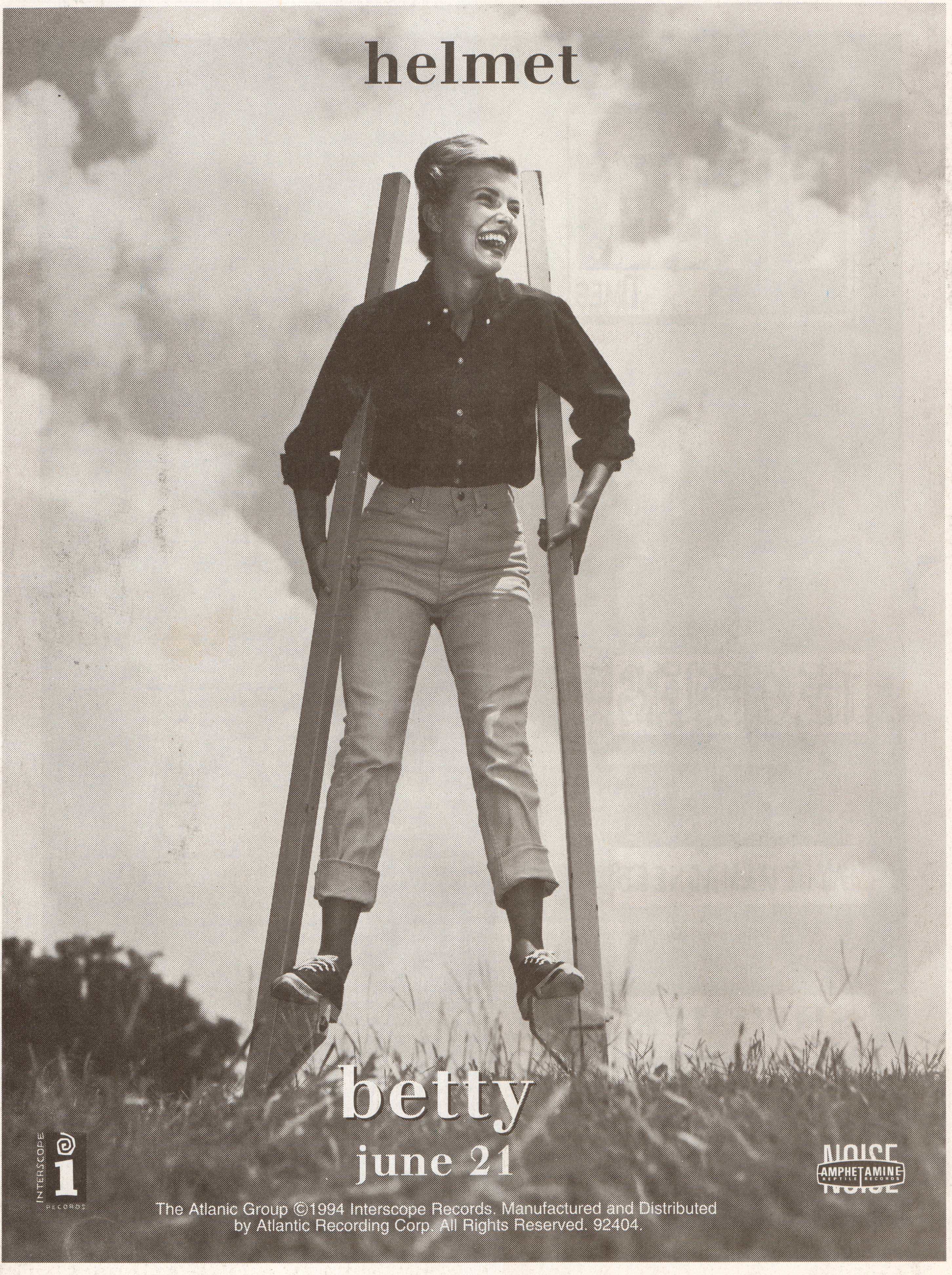
MAYHEM&MADNESS

MAYHEM & MADNESS RULED THE EVENING AS THE CHISELERS PLAYED YET ANOTHER GREAT SET AT NIGHTINGALES ON SECOND AVE AND 13TH ST. IN NYC. IT IS BECOME A REGULAR SATURDAY NIGHT THING AT THE CLUB. THE CHISELERS ARE THEIR ALMOST MONTHLY. MANY FAN CLUB MEMBERS WERE THERE TO HERE ALL THE NEW SONGS AS WELL AS SOME SURPRISE CLASSICS. WITH 16 YEARS OF PLAYING UNDER THEIR BELTS THE CHISELERS NEVER RUN OUT OF MATERIAL. THE ALWAYS SMOOTH PRODUCTION WOWED THE AUDIENCE PROMPTING THE BAND TO PLAY THREE ENCORESI SIMPLY PUT THE CHISELERS ARE TAKING OVER AS THE NY AREA'S PREMIER BAND.

$$ FOR SALE $$

THE CHISELERS FAMOUS STUDIO MEAT MARKET MELODIES IS UP FOR SALE! NOW IS THE CHANCE TO OWN YOUR OWN RECORDING STUDIOI THE WORLD CLASS HAS A LONG LIST OF CREDITS - THE NIHILISTICS CD'S BAD, DIRTY, HATE - FUCK THE HUMAN RACE & FUCK GUNS AND ROSES, THE SEA MONSTER 7" WE WORK FOR A LIVING AND OF COURSE THE UPCOMING CHISELER CD CAVIAT EMPTOR. MANY FAMOUS ARTIST TO NUMEROUS TO MENTION HAVE AVAILED THEM SELVES OF THE STUDIOS FINE RECORDING STUDIO FOR PRACTICE AS WELL. THE STUDIO FEATURES: SOUNDWORKSHOP SERIES 30 MIXING CONSOLE WITH METER BRIDGE & FULL DOLBY PATCH BAY, OTARI 8 TRACK 1/2" W/ DOLBY SR. OTARI MX 5050 W/DBX, ENOUGH OUTBOARD EQUIPMENT TO FILL A SUBMARINE ! THE STUDIO IS WORTH MORE THAN $35,000 AND HAS AN EARNING POTENTIAL OF OVER $600 A WEEK ASKING PRICE FOR THIS ESTABLISHED, SOUND PROOFED , CUSTOM BUILT FACILITY IS JUST $20,000 ! FAX ALL INQUIRIES TO THE CHISELERS FAX HOTLINE 24 HRS A DAY AT 516 - 222 - 2915 AND CHISEL YOUR FAME AND FORTUNE OUT WITH YOUR OWN RECORDING/REHEARSAL STUDIO.

© 1994 BIG PRODUCTIONS.


helmet
betty
june 21
INTERSCOPE
1
RECORDS
NOISE
AMPHETAMINE
REPTILE RECORDS
NOISE

The Atlanic Group ©1994 Interscope Records. Manufactured and Distributed
by Atlantic Recording Corp. All Rights Reserved. 92404.